

THE
DARK BLUE.

JUNE 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XIII.

PATIENT AND NURSE.



A GREAT soul was sick. That soul had been struggling with its mortal agony and had well-nigh burst its earthly tenement. Professor Holmann had broken a blood-vessel on that December morning, and his life had been despaired of for weeks. February gleamed in pale rays through the thawing window panes on a bouquet of white snowdrops and yellow crocuses; robin redbreast sunned himself in the same rays, picking daintily the crumbs Mary had strewed for him; the suffering figure of a convalescent man leant back in a big arm-chair near crocuses, snowdrops, and robin redbreast, and a sweet,

lovely girl hung over the man, caressingly moving the grayish locks from his forehead. Clink clank came the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window.

'Mark this passage in Zimmermann,' said the convalescent man, as

he handed a book to the girl; 'we will talk about it afterwards. Is it the doctor or some one else?' he enquired anxiously.

'I think it is the doctor. But whom do you expect, dear Professor? Here you are every day waiting for some one who never comes.'

'Who is sure to come—he never fails; he *must* come.'

A knock at the door and in walked a precise Prussian military doctor, and a very handsome doctor too, whose eyes sparkled and shone with suppressed fire as they rested upon that sweet girl, and who seemed for the moment to leave the worship of Æsculapius in his military pouch, while bending before the shrine of Venus.

'Doctor,' said the Professor, 'do you think we shall soon have war? I want to go and fight somebody.'

'Whom?' laconically asked the doctor.

'The devil of impatience and all his infernal imps. Feel my pulse, do—it is mad, I know. It is no use scolding me with that military precision of yours. These imps have got hold of me. I shall break another blood-vessel, and so escape them altogether. I am again with Zimmermann—always a bad sign when I go to *him*, my blood is sure to be at boiling point. Doctor, *your* hand trembles: what's the matter?'

And the Professor's luminous eyes met those of the medical man. He blushed, this man who would by and by be in his element in the battle field, among his dying, bleeding, and mutilated fellow-creatures, never a nerve of his quivering with hesitation or doubt; he blushed, this handsome doctor, because Mary's eyes were looking into his, making signs to him that their patient gave her great anxiety.

The doctor recovered himself. 'Professor,' he said, 'I don't know which way to take you: you are a philosopher, I am a simple regimental surgeon. You have heard more of the Stoics than I have—well, imitate them; if you don't I *must* give you a narcotic, which you hate, or I must fetch the big doctor of the garrison, whom you hate more.'

'Be a stoic? Just what Zimmermann says. You are both wrong. Read that passage, Mary.'

Mary began: '"But in solitude the mind regains new vigour; if one knows how to struggle with firmness and perseverance against misfortune one finds in oneself unexpected resources, and a stoical resolution will sustain us when the horizon of our life becomes darkened.'"

'Where did his stoicism lead to, doctor? To madness. Gad! stoicism? When your soul would be away and your body won't come. Leave off preaching, Mary. Who is that?' Clink clank came again—the sound of a horse's hoofs. 'Mary, 'tis *he*—he *has* come at last!'

The Professor rose up, tottered forward to the window, and fell back fainting into the doctor's arms, just as the door was quickly opened, and a very distinguished looking officer entered the room with

a quick step. He stood before the group, regarded with cold steel-gray eyes Holmann, the doctor and Mary, bent forward to the Professor, whom the doctor was trying to bring back to consciousness, and said gently :

'Holmann, you sent, I have come; recover yourself and speak.' A peculiar masonic pressure of the hand accompanied these words. Did Holmann feel it? He opened his eyes; they fell on the great man before him and closed again with a shiver—a shiver that took in the sorrow and trouble of years.

The gray eyes watched the Professor, as his face became tinged with the blood that began again to course through his veins.

'Prince, forgive me,' whispered Holmann. 'Seventeen years have I not seen you since that night when——'

'Hush, we'll talk presently. My dear young lady, leave us alone, we'll manage our friend—the doctor and I are both military men.'

Mary kissed her dear Professor's forehead and a glistening tear rolled down his manly cheeks. Oh, that inexpressibly loving look of his that followed the retiring girlish form from the room—a thousand times intenser in its love than even the doctor's admiring glance.

'Her daughter,' said Holmann.

'Thought so,' replied the Prince. 'God forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us!' And the great man walked up and down in violent perturbation, placing himself at last before the snow-drops, the crocuses, and the robin redbreast that was still picking the crumbs outside.

Holmann was better. On a sign from him the surgeon withdrew, and when the last comer turned from the window he and the Professor were alone. From the breast pocket of his wide dressing-gown the Professor fetched a letter—a crumpled letter with a foreign post-mark—and handed it to his visitor. The visitor perused it and sat down; his steel-gray eyes were swimming, and chokingly he, the proud Prussian prince, exclaimed:

'Mathilda, Mathilda! Where is our youth, where is our life, where is our world, and where is our God?'

He drew out a miniature, he scanned every lineament of it, kissed it passionately and returned it to its hiding-place. All the time the Professor watched him—watched him with jealous eyes—watched him as if the other had no right to kiss that miniature alone—and watched him lastly as if, tiger-like, he could have sprung upon him, seized him by the throat, and said, 'I have a stronger right to it than you.'

The great strong man turned to the sick Professor. 'Who is going? Shall I?'

'No,' responded Holmann.

'Jealous still? Holmann, what has this jealousy not wrought? Destruction to the fairest human being we have ever seen—destruction to an honourable man, and sorrow to us all.'

Neither Prince, Zimmermann, nor reason could have quelled Holmann's rebellious heart; there it was, that fiercely yelling spirit of jealousy, and it *would* have sway.

'No, Prince; I allow no one the right to go. I shall be better—I shall soon be better—and I'll go to find—what?'

'God help us!' exclaimed the Prince, gentler in his mood than the philosophical Professor. 'What more, Holmann?'

'Nothing more. I sent—you came—you have read the letter. Go home, great man, go home and pray, for all of you—all of you—helped to destroy that fairest of God's temples! Mathilda'

'Stop, madman. Have seventeen years not chastened you? Go and give your message to d'Alvensleben, he deserves it, he was the tempter—go and punish that man—not me, not me, not me; that English lord, that Adonis of Berlin society, find them, Holmann, and curse them all! Mathilda, Mathilda, where is our youth, where is our life?'

Opposite Holmann stood the Prince exhausted with passion; no compassion in his steel-gray eyes, but fierce implacable hatred to some one. 'Get well, man. I'll not gainsay your right. Go. *I* have the miniature!'

The spurs went rattling down the stairs, and clink clank the horse's hoofs gradually died away in the distance.

Holmann sat and folded his hands—he did not pray as he had told the other to do—he cursed him and those that had been named. Weak and faint he rose, and lifting up his right hand he swore vengeance—vengeance against some one; his spectacles had fallen off, and there loomed a pair of the intensest eyes upon you man could see—eyes big with human greatness, but fierce in human weakness. Holmann sank back utterly exhausted yet trembling with excitement.

Mary had heard the departure and rushed in to see her dear friend.

'The doctor is gone, Professor; he will return in about half an hour.'

'Very well. Where is your uncle, the major? He has not seen my visitor, I hope.'

'No, he has not yet come back from the commandant's.'

'Thank God! Mary, mention nothing of *him* to your uncle. It would kill him. I sent him out on purpose for many days, that they should not meet. Now read Zimmermann again, the same place, and then leave me alone, quite alone, until the doctor comes.'

Mary read. By little and little Zimmermann's musings quieted the electrical stream in Holmann's nervous system, mesmerising it gently into quiescence; the nerves acted upon the muscles and limbs, the eyelids closed, the head leaned sideways, the hands fell down with lassitude and sleep—sleep, the grand beneficent power of nature, came upon the recumbent figure of the convalescent man. Mary looked up and smiled—on tip-toe she rose, the snowdrops and crocuses kept company, the robin redbreast still fluttered backward and forward for

crumbs. Mary took in the whole picture, just moved one gray lock aside, and softly left the room. Outside she met the doctor; she opened the door to let him see the peaceful sleeper, and closed it again softly. The holy communion of sympathy for another being stood between the two: upon Mary this feeling had no further effect, upon the doctor an overpowering influence; he raised the little hand and kissed it reverently. Mary looked up with her maidenly eyes in astonishment, and that look of hers—so unimpassioned—snapped the poor doctor's hopes asunder in one violent wrench. There was no response there. The brave manly character became conscious of it at once, and met its fate by appealing to the sympathy between them.

'A great soul is sick there,' whispered the doctor, pointing to the room. 'We must hope his constitution will bear the heavy strain which some occurrence seems to have put upon it.'

'It will bear it, thanks to your unremitting attention, doctor. Shall we, who love our Professor so dearly, ever be able to thank you sufficiently?'

The words were so complacent that anything else would have seemed music to the doctor; these words of thanks cut him to the quick. He could not answer, but bowing respectfully, though quite unconsciously, left Mary standing there, and went—his hope all gone!

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE AND CHRISTIAN ON A RAMBLE.

On the December evening when the Siberian wind blew into the Chelsea street, Christian came home to his lodging stupefied—one could not tell whether he had been stunned by a blow or had imbibed too much alcohol. Christian stumbled into the house, went not into the kitchen as was his wont, but tottered up the stairs to his own room and fell down flatly on the floor. There he lay, the big Prussian Sergeant, and no one could move him. The Missis came up, offering consolation in the way of cups of warm tea and feminine tears; Jemima stood by wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, saying, 'It was a pity—and he so useful;' and lastly George fumbled up with something that would bring him to, that something being a quartern of brandy. It was no use: flat lay Christian, eyes closed, teeth chattering, hands shaking. The Missis suggested the old apothecary over the way should bleed him, and Jemima, who was of Irish descent, wanted to fetch the priest; but George scratched his head and began to demolish the bed—as Christian wouldn't come to the bed, the bed must come to him. Down came the pillows under Christian's head, down came the blankets over Christian's shaking frame. To get the boots off was an impossi-

bility. All three tugged at them, but they were Prussian military boots and would not come off—they stuck to their owner in right good earnest. First pulled George, then the Missis, holding on to George, then Jemima holding on to the Missis; tug, tug, tug—the boots creaked but refused to move and had to be left. So more blankets were fetched, till Christian looked a perfect pile of Whitneys. The fire was lighted, and George, scratching his head again, sat down by Christian to see the result of this manœuvre. The result was that, warmth returning to Christian's frame, his teeth chattered no longer, his hands shook no longer, but heaving a great deep Herculean sigh, Christian turned on his side and began to snore. Christian was fast asleep. You would think George left him now—no such thing; George did not like the look of affairs, and believed something wrong had taken place. His innate sagacity, muddled though it was with constant alcoholic fumes, told him that if that big upright man was out of sorts something else must have been out of sorts first. So George sat on quietly, taking off his own boots and consuming the quartern of brandy, as Christian wouldn't. George made up his mind to watch his lodger. The Missis came up again to tell him 'it was nigh twelve o'clock,' but George said, 'Never mind that; he shouldn't leave an old friend in trouble, when an old friend didn't leave him in trouble. The Missis might go to bed; there were coals and he should keep up the fire and stay by his friend's side.' The Missis did not grumble, but called him a brave good fellow, and promised him a slice of the middle cushion of bacon for breakfast. George told her 'to chatter no more but go to bed—best thing for womenkind.'

Habit is a remarkable and a troublesome thing: habit made Christian wake at five o'clock, just as the fire had gone out and George had dozed off. For some time the Sergeant could not understand where he was and why he was there. He saw George, but his mind became no clearer; he rose out of the blanket heap and gently put George on it, then took the bit of dip candle that was left and marched down to the kitchen as usual. All this he did in a kind of dazed stupor. Having reached the kitchen, Christian meant to light the fire; he took a bundle of wood, and shivering in the raw cold morning, sat down before the empty black grate; there he sat, without knowing what to do. Suddenly down came the Missis, who had heard somebody stirring, in a peculiar *déshabillé*, her long nightgown and stout flannel petticoat covered by an enormous plaid shawl, and a frilled nightcap on her head. She saw Christian looking dissipated, and holding the bundle of wood before him, and as a natural resource screamed.

'Goodness gracious me, Mr. Christian, what is come to you? You're losing all your good looks and respectful ways.'

Christian heard the voice. Some corresponding remembrance was awakened in him, and throwing the bundle of wood from him, he writhed with agony and pain. The strength of the man was gone,

there were no tidy ways that morning; the Missis had to do the work herself, and Christian crept back to his room to lay down on his despoiled bed, face downwards, that he might not see the morning arise. See the morning arise with ghostlike troubles standing waiting near your bedside—standing there like frightful skeletons to dry up the very marrow of strength in your bones! If Atlas ever had to carry the earth on his shoulders, the load was a feather compared to the weight that presses on your poor brain when the first gray streaks of morn steal into the room to raise your eyelids and show you those skeletons near you. The five minutes which erring mankind lives through then ought to be an atonement for multitudes of sins, because they are downright terrible knells of punishment and retribution.

Christian did not mean to see the morning so he hid his face, like a big coward, for the first time in his life. George felt some drops of hot tea on his nose and woke—there stood the Missis, still in *déshabillé*, with two cups of tea. George, who understood much by intuition, looked around and beheld the case. Christian had evidently fallen from his virtuous pedestal, and there and then the strongest bond of brotherhood was closed between the two. George nudged his friend, and Christian, untidy and miserable, accepted the tea. The Missis was silent—it was too dreadful to see Christian, her beau-ideal, take to George's ways. It did not even bear being commented upon.

Christian was a changed man; the house might have gone to wreck and ruin, he would not have cared—he wanted waiting upon like a child, and George took to it naturally. In the day Christian wrote a long letter, blotched over with ink spots and tears, and sent it off to Professor Holmann—it was that letter which had nearly cost the Professor his life. After the letter was gone, Christian sat thinking. By and by George came in, and Christian nodded to him behind the Missis's back, putting his finger on his lips. George had it in a moment, there was something to be done without the Missis's knowledge—to him the sweetest reward for any exertion. 'Womenkind needn't know everything' was his favourite maxim.

Christian and George went out together for the first time—the Missis stared, and didn't like it; she saw the Sergeant had once for all fallen from his allegiance to herself. Christian, followed by George, walked into the first respectable linendraper's, and began to make signs; it was wonderful to see how quickly George understood and helped—the attendants became amused, the master himself came forward, assisted with a few scraps of German, and a very complete parcel of warm lady's clothing was got together. 'Where was it to be sent to?' In answer the Sergeant paid the bill, and shouldered the parcel. Both he and George left, followed by the whole establishment to the door.

Westward went this odd pair. It began to get dark, and the air was intensely cold. George suggested application to a public house, just, he said, 'to drink Blucher's health,' making a corresponding sign.

Christian, wonderful to say, had no objection. There was some comfort in a glass of brandy, and a glass of brandy both had—Blucher being the ostensible cause. But George was not satisfied: again and again he proposed Blucher's health, and again and again Christian humoured him, taking to tippling on a sudden as if he had never been the soberest sergeant all his lifetime. They were drawing nearer and nearer to Chelsea. The various potions had strengthened George's courage, and next time he proposed Wellington's health, 'confound the Prooshans,' and Christian assented still to Wellington and the toast, drinking to his own countrymen's confusion; he didn't quite understand it, and if he had what matter then? there were mightier matters to be settled than even Blucher, Wellington, and the Prooshans.

George was affected by so much goodness; he had expected strong objection, and not meeting with it, subsided into submission to his friend's superior good sense, as he thought. The quarter they neared became lonely and dark, but Christian knew his way. How had he ever found it? The light of a loving earnest soul had led him onward: that light was no *ignis fatuus*—it was a light that will lead to any end that has to be obtained. There it was, that street in Chelsea, that lonely, miserable, and forlorn street, and Christian entered it with the parcel and George. Opposite the rickety house they both stopped. Christian took George by the arm and showed him the parcel, pointing to the house. To the top floor, now dark and deserted, he pointed, and said, 'Missis, lady.' George nodded and understood. Clutching the parcel, nearly as big as himself, he walked across and entered the shop of odds and ends—broken ware of all kinds, rusty iron, old crockery, odd keys, forlorn looking rags, musty shoes and boots, tipsy bottles, and a black cat. George knocked on the tumble-down counter, and somebody appeared in the light of a tallow candle like the faint apparition of one of Macbeth's witches.

'What do you want now?'

'I want the lady upstairs. I have brought a parcel for her.'

'A parcel for such as she? Is it paid for?'

'Yes; that's no odds to you. I want the lady.'

'Then you won't see her. I'll have the parcel—who sends it?'

'That's nothing to you, and I shan't give you the parcel.'

'Won't you though; I'll stick to it. She owes me rent and I'll have her goods.'

In a moment gigantic arms had torn the parcel from George's grasp and opened it pell-mell on the counter.

'Look here, fine things them for a poor crazed creetur, who is only fit for the mad workus ward. Give me the clothes, let her go where all as is a burden to theirselves and the country must go—the workus.'

'You blessed old thief, give me the things, or I'll call the gen'leman who sent me, and he'll make small bones of you. He is a party!'

'Ah, so you have a gen'leman as sent you—you sneaking old wretch—sneaking into honest folks' houses on false pretensions; take me to him, I'll give him my mind—let him pay her rent, that's honest—honesty first on righteous principles, so says I.'

George felt he had made a mistake, as he was sure Christian did not want to be seen; how was he to get out of it?

'What's her rent?—perhaps it'll be paid.'

'P'raps it'll be paid? Fine talk—I want the money now, or I'll stick to the clothes. Is it that 'lorn chap that sent ye, that used to bring things and meet her, and can't now—cos he's got nothing hisself—and so walks up and down past her winder to hear her mad songs? Don't he cut his sticks when he hears my voice! I've frightened him since he's no good.'

'Bless me, woman, what's the rent?'

'What's the rent? Why three pound fifteen to last June. I've kept no reckonin' since, she takes it out in mendin' and washin', and brings odd moneys from that forlorn chap, and that's all.'

'Three pound fifteen for such a hole as this?'

'A hole ye calls it—ye don't look grand—a hole then for which I must pay poor rates, and keep the paupers of the country, drat 'em!'

'I'll go and see what I can do. If you touch the things I'll call the police.'

'Ha, ha, ha! Find 'em coves first, my man—perlice, none about here. Ain't you green—perlice is only wanted to keep the respectable folks safe from the tothers and there is none here, no respectable ones, not even respectable thieves, nor thieves of any kind, it's too wretched for them even. Perlice never comes down here, there's nothing for 'em, ye fool. Perlice don't meddle with such as us, we's too wretched to be anything but honest—there, take that.'

George became muddled and scratched his head.

'There now, my good woman, wait a few minutes and I'll be back.'

'Now you's civil, I'll wait.'

Out went George. Somebody had been slowly and gradually stealing along under the window to watch the conversation of the two. Scarcely had George stepped on the pavement to look for some signs of Christian, when that catlike creature rushed upon him, threw him down, knelt upon him, and tugged at his throat as if he would strangle him. One yelling cry was all George could muster, the other held him so tight that he gasped for breath.

'You'll come and rob me of her, you will! I'll kill you, and drag you to the Thames! You'll rob me of her!' the assailant hissed between his teeth.

The woman heard the scream, and came forward with the tallow candle. Suddenly a big stature interposed itself, threw off the madman from George, hurled him against the wall, and dragged George away.

The woman held the candle over the prostrate foe, who had fallen bleeding on the pavement.

'So it's you, is it, up to yer old tricks? She ain't at home. You got no cash—get along do, and crawl to drown yourself—better than the workus. There's no use yer comin' arter her, there's a real big gent a-follerin' her, as has sent some fine clothes. Toddle along, do.'

The man, by the tallow light, was the 'shabby man.' Bleeding, stunned, muttering, he hobbled away—where?

Christian took George home in a cab, and George was very ill. The Missis couldn't make it out, and laid it to drunkenness; but there were dark blue marks on his throat. Christian was subdued, and waited upon George day and night, day and night, ever hoping to see Professor Holmann arrive, who came not, and dreading to go again to Chelsea.

CHAPTER XV.

ZOLLWITZ STRUGGLES.

OFTEN in life a lull of occurrences happens: torpidly the stream runs along, enlivened by nothing unusual, till one short hour, one little incident troubles the stagnant waters, and sends the wheel flying on its round.

Such a lull had entered into Zollwitz's life: after that memorable evening, when he so roughly interrupted Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' Zollwitz had become morose. He received no answer from sister Mary, and thought himself neglected at home, forgetting that the first neglect was on his side; around him everything took sombre colours, and everybody being very much occupied with themselves or some one else, no one took it upon himself to dispel that moroseness. Harry had holidays and was Ethel's faithful shadow: Zollwitz sat in his room in the midst of Hallam, Hume, Locke, Adam Smith, John Mill, Macaulay, and Parliamentary reports and speeches, to study English political institutions.

The visitors went, and Ethel accompanied some cousin back to London. When they were gone the Right Hon. Mr. Damer was suddenly called up to town on urgent business, and never allowing his eldest son, now in real political training, to leave him, he took him up with him. Edward Damer was only sixteen, but for *aplomb* would have matched any bishop on the bench. When he had passed through the various practical statesmanlike studies that his father thought it right for him to pursue, he would issue forth from his training a model 'Private Secretary,' then rise to an 'Under Secretary,' discreet, assiduous at statistics, exact in multitudinous correspondence, ever ready with necessary information in the House, and a most respectable and useful

member of the Ministry, till—if brains and energy were not quite subdued—the whole machine would be recast between forty and fifty, and he would *then* begin to think and act for himself, for the welfare of his country, as his father was now beginning to do, the father who was at the same time trying to subdue every original idea in his favourite son.

Aunt Sarah was sulky, and had not come near the circle. Often and often Zollwitz had gone down to the sea, had wandered along the cliffs in the sharp air, had swept in thought that turbulent swelling German Ocean, had seen the seamew kiss the crested wave, and had cooled his heated head in the refreshing breeze. That head of his was always hot now—the thoughts in it had evidently become entangled, the impressions muddled. The actual necessity of life held him in its iron grasp, and Zollwitz felt himself a prisoner, caged by the society in which he moved. Strength to break through seemed yet to fail him, and so he wandered on till that little incident would happen that would send the wheel flying.

Three weeks after Christmas the house was empty. Mrs. Damer, Harry, and Zollwitz alone remaining, at Harry's urgent request, for a few weeks longer. Aunt Sarah came now, a little sulky still; more reticent in her speech, she yet petted Zollwitz and scolded Harry, and now and then she would study the young German's face, as if something were there that lay hidden from her. She never again invited them over, and Zollwitz would perhaps have refused. Day by day he became paler, his face became thin and wan, his eyes looked ghostlike, and an irritated manner towards Harry had taken the place of their cordial intercourse. With Mrs. Damer alone he was the same—her gentle influence over him was unbroken, and he thirsted for the hour when he should hear her voice.

In the evening the three would sit in the drawing-room and pass an hour with music, but Zollwitz played seldom; he begged of Mrs. Damer to play and he listened—listened as if his soul were in those andantes of Beethoven's, or that delicate fancy of Mozart's, in the dreamy imagery of Mendelssohn, or the gaudier musical tracery of the modern composers. Then he would rise and dash away at Harry's request a couple of bright German songs, such songs as no other language possesses—speaking the language of the inner man.

Aunt Sarah watched, and her watchings became embodied in the following epistle:

'To the Right Honourable F. R. Damer.

'Madman,—Having risen above your deserts, you wish to show your utter forgetfulness of home obligations by neglecting your own sweet wife. Do you know what that means? Go about, grand Minister of State, in your gilded chariot of pride and self-consequence, and despise those who ought to be your first consideration. What is

it to lead to? Here are two good people, that dearest of women, charming Jane Harrowby, formerly the pride of the county, now the wife of the coldest man in the country—my nephew—and the nicest young man I ever saw, the tutor, with whom I might fall in love myself. They behave like angels under the circumstances, not like other human beings, who would make a little love; they are satisfied to let music do it for them. All very well; but suppose that one day the music enters their hearts?—she is older and ought to know better, you will say, and so she will; but why give the temptation by withdrawing from that sweet wife your own husbandly love? I have watched, and I warn you: don't blame *her* or *him*, or I'll stand up for them, and *you* know what that means. Do your duty, madman! and thank God, like poor dear Bunyan when he saw the murderer led to be hanged, 'That but for His grace it might be you!' Learn to be humble like your aunt,

'SARAH DAMER.'

This letter reached Eaton Square just as the Right Honourable was swallowing a violent article against him in a county Tory paper; the Right Honourable swore and dashed the breakfast things over, ordered his valet to pack up, and meant mischief. At that moment d'Alvensleben was announced. How odd. D'Alvensleben was too circum-spect and too lazy ever to make such early calls; still there he was. At a glance the wily man saw something was up, but he could bide his time.

'My dear Damer, I have come to know how my *protégé* proceeds. I am going abroad for a few weeks on private business, and I should like to hear whether you are satisfied with my recommendation.'

'Satisfied? why of course. Confound the fellow, never saw such a progress in my boy. Hang his singing! Couldn't he study the Constitution and not make a fool of himself?'

'What *do* you mean, Damer?'

'Mean? why nothing. I am put out by some infernal article in the county paper—that's it. What's the man's moral character?'

'Moral character, in what way?' suggested diplomacy.

'In what way? Why the ladies, the women, I mean,' for the Right Honourable saw he was exposing his weakness.

'Don't know, further than that he looks as innocent as a lamb.'

'Bother innocence! more dangerous I suppose than the other thing. There, it's all right, don't flurry yourself, I believe he'll do.' And then the great good man's heart rising up in the weak human vessel, Damer stood up before d'Alvensleben and added, 'Yes, he will do. I believe that young man to be one of the finest, bravest, and most honest characters God ever created.'

Bravo Damer! And d'Alvensleben thanked his friend, whom he had never seen so put out, and never heard so homely in his speech, thanked

him that he had so much praised his young countryman, and left with a thorn (worse than a dagger by far) rankling in his heart.

Damer sat down and dashed away a few honest tears. 'Damn everything! I can't go to the office, hang it! I'll go down to-day.'

Early in the evening the heavy silken curtains of the drawing-room at Newstead Hall were drawn, the fire leaped in glowing streaks up and down over the coals in the bright steel grate; the wax candles threw soft glimmering light on the rich furniture, and much material comfort made the inmates of the room feel an inner harmony arise. Mrs. Damer was at the piano, Zollwitz looking over a heap of songs, and Harry leaning on the 'grand,' looking right into his mother's soft eyes.

'You wish me to sing. May I sing the "Wanderer"?''

'Oh do, Zollwitz, and in German, I understand it now; and your face always glows so when you sing that song.'

Zollwitz blushed and began, and as his voice rose to ask tremblingly 'Wo bist du, oh geliebtes Land?' ('Where art thou, oh, my beloved land?') a gentle movement opened the door, and Mr. Damer stood there; they did not see him, those three, but he saw them, and his heart was satisfied. No treachery there—the rest was nothing; only no treachery. That would have annihilated him. He stepped forward and laid his hand on Harry's shoulder.

'Papa, papa, you dear old papa, this is jolly!' And Harry tumultuously welcomed his father.

Mrs. Damer started, looked up and held out her hand; Zollwitz came forward with the frankest smile in the world. They surrounded him, and by the warmth of the fire, with three such faces near him, Damer began to think he was better off than at the Lord Mayor's dinner in Guildhall, at the finest banquet of the Fishmongers, or even in a rhetorical row in the House—his favourite occupation. Still human nature is human nature. After a while Mrs. Damer became again a little constrained in her manner, and her husband harsh, and that something was not gone yet; it wanted a bolder thrust to drive it away, and a grander occasion to relighten the old hymeneal torch and let it burn brightly again.

All went back together; and February saw the house in Eaton Square adorned with its brightest ornament—its mistress. One February and another February, what does not sometimes lie between those two birth-bearing months of the year? Love, life, hatred, death, crime, and sacrifice in an eternal round, going and coming and changing ever. The great Lavoisier said a hundred years ago, on analysing water, air, and the processes of heat, 'Rien ne se perd, rien ne se crée, ni comme matière, ni comme force.' And in our day, M. Dumas, on holding a speech over Faraday's memory, repeated that maxim at the Royal Institution, 'La vie ne commence pas et ne finit pas sur la terre.' One round of change, eternal change from gas to vapour, from vapour to

fluid, from fluid to substance, from substance to thought, from thought to idea—one grand round, materially and morally, changing ever, never-ending life into death and death into life; always bringing forth some new form, some fresh birth!

And February gathered up the household gods of the Damers, bringing in another bright face—that of cousin Ethel, who became an inmate of theirs. Harry was boisterous with glee to have her all to himself. No one should rob him now of her—no one! And work he would, very hard he would work to become a great man some day, that she might look up to him.

Harry's ambition was rising, Zollwitz's was falling. London did not restore his cheerfulness. He retired as much as possible from all intercourse with the family of the Damers, and devoted his time to Harry's and his own studies, and long rambles about town. His mood became almost sinister; he neither asked to go to the House of Commons to hear those men speak whom he admired so much, nor was he invited. Mr. Damer was busy, and had forgotten Zollwitz for a while; Ethel he saw not at all, and only now and then the bright colour would mount to his pale face when he met Mrs. Damer alone and would exchange a few sentences with her. Breakfast he took by himself, luncheon was a migratory meal, and at the dinner hour he excused himself invariably.

Weeks passed thus. One day a few lines arrived from Mary to say that she had received his letter, but that Professor Holmann had been very ill, had had a dangerous relapse in February, and that in consequence of over-anxiety she also had been in weak health. The Major had not yet forgiven his nephew, and she, Mary, would soon write a longer letter. Sombre there, too, thought Zollwitz, noticing the evident reticence of the letter. That same day he entered the drawing-room to look for Harry, and found Mrs. Damer alone. She came up to him with much concern and took his hand. 'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, you make yourself almost a recluse; what is the matter? I think you study too much, and mix too little with the best book to study—your fellow-men.'

'I don't know, madam, but an overpowering despair is taking hold of me.'

'And why?'

'Because I begin to think I shall miss my aim in life; I am doing nothing, positively nothing, but earning my bread.'

'Oh no, you are doing more, my dear sir, you are learning; I know you are. The time will come when all you see and hear now will come home to you and you will find your time was not lost.'

'But I see, hear, and learn nothing.'

'Yes, yes, you do. Now let me help you to give your learning an active expression. Could you six months ago have written an "Essay on the means by which constitutional government in England rose to its

present condition?" You know you could not. Well, do it now, and when it is done bring it to me and I will submit it to one of our first essay writers—he shall give you his opinion. Of course I mean you to write it in English.'

Somebody believed in him, thought Zollwitz, and for the first time he took Mrs. Damer's hand and kissed it respectfully. He would do her bidding. As he left the drawing-room, he met Mr. Damer, who did not look at him pleasantly.

'Why was Zollwitz here alone with you?' asked the husband harshly.

'Alone with me?' responded the wife, opening her eyes widely.

'Yes, alone with you'; I don't like it. Where is Harry?'

'I do not know,' was all the answer Mrs. Damer vouchsafed. She turned to the window to hide that rising tear of indignation, and Mr. Damer slammed the door behind him.

The Easter recess came. The season had been flat up to then—besides the Damers *would* adopt their own devices, and were no sheep-followers of fashion and custom. They had ways of their own, very comfortable and refined ways, which made their town house as pleasant as their country house. There was a ministerial crisis and Mr. Damer would not leave—he would not allow any one of his family to leave him either; they had all to stay in town during the recess. Often and often when Zollwitz left the house on his nightly rambles, he might have seen a tall stiff figure issue forth and watch him with anxious looks, going almost close up to him with hesitating steps, stretch out its long arms in an imaginary embrace, and disappear again. The recess was over and the parliamentary campaign was to begin. Mr. Damer was getting ready for it—had a measure of his own to bring forward, was beginning to give dinner-parties to members, and marshalling his forces in other ways. He met Zollwitz on the stairs and was struck by his altered appearance.

'What is the matter, Mr. Zollwitz?—You look ill.'

'I am quite well, Mr. Damer.'

'Are you uncomfortable in our house?'

'I am uncomfortable everywhere—I was going to write to you to resign my post as tutor to your son.'

'Nonsense, we could not spare you. I am afraid we have neglected you. Come now, we must make up for lost time—will you dine with us to-night. By the by you have lately quite dropped out of our circle. It is wrong, Mr. Zollwitz, we might easily learn to misunderstand each other.' The good man was uppermost again, he took Zollwitz by the arm: 'Don't refuse me, come down to dine with me to-night; it is a gentleman's party, and you'll meet some younger men, almost all connected with Government or in the House. It will do you good, and you shall, now the session's battle has begun, come with me and hear us. There, I verily believe I never invited you before.'

'Not once, sir.'

The tone of the voice was so bitter it struck against Mr. Damer's ear.

'Forgive me, Zollwitz, I am afraid I have done wrong. I would not lose you for something—I value your friendship. Mind you dine with me to-night.'

Zollwitz assented and the two men parted—both with sore hearts.

The evening came—it was the first of May. Easter had been late, and much of the early session had been dawdled away; lots of work had to be done now, and a long season it would be. The stream had run on torpidly, the wheel would be sent flying now. Zollwitz joined the gentlemen in the drawing-room before dinner; about twenty elegant men, mostly between twenty-five and forty, few above—one of them d'Alvensleben. A few words passed between him and Zollwitz, who drew off to Lord Howden, also of the party; but there surely was also the Oxford swell, Ethel's brother. Zollwitz crimsoned, he did not like it, and wished he had refused the invitation. Poor fellow! it was hard work to be social when your heart was sick.

Dinner was over. Zollwitz had sat between Howden and young Lord Tenterton—the old Whig Duke's son—a rising man, boisterous sometimes in debate, but a good support to his party, would swamp a whole line of argument by a happy assertion made in the right place, and deal a final blow with dexterity. Valuable he and a little spoilt—because on an emergency Tenterton never failed.

'Well, Mr. Zollwitz,' said Tenterton, 'I've been very pleased to make your acquaintance, and when I say so I mean it. But I shall tell Damer, this is all nonsense, you are too good to be a tutor, you are lost here, you shall come to my place, and come with me to the House, you must learn debate, it's a glorious thing—give and take all round—and you must go home afterwards and teach them in Berlin some of our ways.'

Zollwitz felt his self-confidence rising. 'Thank you, my lord, but as yet I am not free and must remain where I am; I've positively no other income but my tutorship.'

'Never mind that, you shall teach *me*. Why, man, from the little I have talked to you, I can see you know positively more of England than I do—I mean its history. There, you shall teach me English history in German and I shall learn both.'

Howden had heard and laughed. 'Tenterton demolishing a couple of enemies at a time. Stop, Damer is a rough opponent and I think he'll oppose your scheme.'

'No he won't. He'll want me soon—can't spare me. In a week I can get anything out of him. I shall wait till he's hard up for support.'

'You wily snake, if you take Zollwitz you must take Harry, if you take Harry you must take Ethel.'

'Shouldn't mind the lot,' and Tenterton became a little confused. Ethel was just out, and Ethel had pleased his lordship.

'Talking of a lady as a lot?'

'Don't chaff, Howden, you are getting gray. Think of old Chatham and have respect for your own gray hairs.'

'Don't quote, it's vulgar.'

'I don't, because I never remember quotations. What I say comes from my own brain.'

Zollwitz enjoyed the little friendly squabble between the two. He felt as if he were among friends. Their style was so unaffected, so easy, he almost imagined he was among his own fellow-students, only these men were more *dégagés*, more *distingués*, more self-dependent.

But clouds were rising over the dinner-table, thick clouds. Dessert was on, wine passed freely; voices were rising a little, and Zollwitz heard the words 'Germany—Prussia—reactionary party—drilled public opinion.' He listened sharper, and found across the table, a little below him, the Oxford swell and a much older man in pretty earnest conversation on the wretched state of his own country. The argument was at last clinched by the assertion:

'I decidedly agree with you, Sir James, that the development of Prussia is a useless machine, fit for no other country's imitation, merely allowing that people to wield an enormous military power for its own aggrandisement; greedily casting about for prey among the smaller countries near it, treading Austria, our old faithful ally, under foot, and lifting itself to such a place that it will engulf half Europe in its unwieldy machinery, and then fall itself to pieces through its own overgorged greediness.'

These words, pronounced by Ethel's brother, came as clearly across the table as the question had at Newstead Hall, whether Zollwitz had ever sung at public concerts.

And just as clearly as then the 'No sir' had come back in answer, so now rose Zollwitz's voice. Before Tenterton or Howden could prevent it, he had risen and bowed.

'Gentlemen,—You must all have heard this distinct attack on my country. There is one older than I here who ought to defend it, but he might be afraid of etiquette; I am but a German student and I am not afraid. I came to this country to study the free expressions of a free people, not thinking myself free enough at home, and I am studying still, so cannot yet pass an opinion. But on what I can pass an opinion is, that I have learnt to value my own country higher in its peculiar development, and I mean to say so. My English, I know, is as yet a little awkward, pardon it; but I wish to say that when Prussia will have fulfilled her mission, when, however sharply, she will have shown the German people what unity means, *then* the Prussian people, being one with the Germans, will rise above all military considerations and boldly assert and *receive* their political liberty. I feel it,

though I cannot express myself as well in defending my people as Mr. Harrowby can in accusing it. Pardon my unceremonious manner, gentlemen.'

There was a 'bravo, bravo,' never heard at a private dinner-table, and led by the host himself, who glared at Harrowby.

That gentleman rose. 'We may as well, now that we have broken through English ceremony, finish it by drinking health to each other in good German fashion. Oxford is not Halle and Halle is not Oxford—but still we are both students, I believe. Come, Mr. Zollwitz, let us clink glasses.'

Zollwitz would rather have had it out boldly outside, but believed he must submit. He got up: the two clinked their glasses against each other—crack! the glasses broke, the port wine poured on the fine cloth and the pieces flew about.

'A bad sign,' said Zollwitz, who bowed, and left the room. He rushed up the stairs to his sanctum, purple in the face, pushed up the window, tore his tie into shreds to get air, and fell back, pale as death upon his chair.

In the dining-room d'Alvensleben took the word.

'Gentlemen, forgive my young countryman his hasty manner. There is just this difference between the education of our students and yours: that yours, particularly in Oxford, pass through their studies while they are being trained for good society afterwards, and ours, particularly in the smaller universities, pass through *their* studies so as to become unfit for good society till they have forgotten their student ways.'

No one answered; they knew d'Alvensleben to be an intimate friend of the host's and respected that tie—half the men would have pitched him over, if they had dared, for his sneaking excuse of the brave young tutor, and Damer from that moment lost his confidence in his friend.

The Oxford swell rejoiced he had hit hard, because he had forced the enemy to expose himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

'SHE WOKE ENDYMION WITH A KISS.'

AN hour later Zollwitz had written a letter, in which he formally asked Mr. Damer to release him from his engagement, giving no reason whatever. He prepared to go out. He had heard many of the guests leave, and had sent down the message to Mr. Damer that he felt unequal to return to the company.

Softly he went down. It was quite dark outside, but the moon began to rise and he was anxious to cool his blood in its mild rays. Harry and Ethel met him at the door.

'Do come with us, Zollwitz. I have coaxed mamma till she has allowed us half an hour's walk in the square garden in the glorious moonlight. Now do come—don't mind Ethel. I've got the key.'

Zollwitz would rather have avoided company, but the same sweet voice that had once brought him comfort, said:

'I am so sorry, Mr. Zollwitz, I hear my brother has again vexed you; do forgive him and don't be put out with us for it.'

The few innocent words calmed the morose spirit in Zollwitz. He looked at Ethel's face and said:

'To show you that my ill will goes no further, I will with great pleasure accompany you.'

All three entered the garden. The trees were being clothed with fresh leaves, that painted their forms caressingly in the pale shimmer; the greensward reflected the shadowy dainty forms; the few flowers hid their petals modestly from the stealthy embrace of the night queen, and the soft May night had fallen on the London square garden with enticing witchery. Up and down they walked, Harry boisterous and happy to have both his favourites with him, Zollwitz subdued and abstracted, and Ethel trembling a little to be for the first time in this interesting young man's company unrestrained in her conversation. Her voice was low in tone, the bright laugh that did sound forth at other times seemed to be hid away, and gently but eagerly she led Zollwitz to talk of himself, of his home, of his aspirations, of his rebuff that day—till his heart had been unburdened and he actually became cheerful and began to laugh himself. Ethel thought it the most musical laugh she had ever heard.

'Quite right, Mr. Zollwitz; meet my brother on his own ground and don't give way.'

'I shall soon give way to him altogether. I mean to leave, Harry.'

'Zollwitz, you won't—or, yes, you may, if you take me with you. But then there is Ethel, and mamma and papa, and even Edward and the Polly—no, I wouldn't leave them. Zollwitz you *must* stay.'

'But in a free country we are nobody's property.'

'Oh, bother! we don't talk politics, if that's what you mean.'

'Mr. Zollwitz,' put in Ethel, 'I should talk it over with my uncle and aunt; they are both very fond of you, and so are we all.' So quaintly was it said by this unspoilt young London lady that it actually made Zollwitz laugh.

'Do you laugh at our being fond of you, Mr. Zollwitz?'

'No, how could I? Only it makes me laugh to think that anyone should be fond of me—it is so impossible.'

'You are ungrateful.'

'Harry, Harry, where are you with Ethel? It is eleven o'clock—a pretty time to be out here for a young lady.' The voice was that of Ethel's brother outside.

'Here we are, but mamma allowed it.' The door of the garden was

opened, and before Harrowby's astonished eyes passed out Ethel, Harry, and Zollwitz. He bit his lip, Ethel's brother bowed, and said nothing. Lucifer didn't love Mephistopheles and Mephistopheles didn't love Lucifer—no love lost there! They all entered the house and disappeared to their various apartments.

An hour later you might have seen that pale young German student lying at his open window and looking out, looking before him into the garden, and catching the whispered breath of the trembling shadowy leaves; looking right northward into the clear palish sky, fixing his gaze on that one star—but one—scintillating intensely, speaking, attracting, engulfing him in its brightness. What was that star? Was it his loadstar, would it draw him onward and become his beacon for life—would it? Should he stretch his soul towards it and ask response? How many of us ever see their loadstar? Many never; wandering about on earth without that second self, detached, falling single-souled to decay. How many see it and miss it in their attempt to grasp it, catching at some bright worldly metal in its stead, and going down in their after despair to one of those cycles of misery which Dante paints in his 'Inferno'; how many see it and pass it, valuing it not, having no soul, and asking no soul in return; how many see it, grasp it, and have it torn from them to be matched with some inferior constellation; how many reach it, obtain it, and glory in its ever-brilliant possession, walking this earth like olden gods in richest harmony, not dreading hunger and thirst, want and misery, worldly honour and pomp, but ever clinging to that one bright loadstar of their lives, in youth and old age, in joy and sorrow. *But few!*

And Zollwitz thought: his whole soul went out to that star, he embraced it, he spoke to it, he asked of it his fate, he exhausted the little strength he had and laid his head on his arms that his eyes might still behold it. Those eyes closed, closed in sleep, and so she saw him, that chaste pale goddess of the night, to whom open love was too voluptuous, to whom the golden glare of the sun was too unlovely, so she saw him with her silvery sheen and bent down over him and kissed him, her Endymion, that she might waken in that heart love—chaste love, manly love, to find its loadstar. He looked so lovely, could she have passed him by? So few she ever saw now, this pale goddess, who cared for her chaste embrace, liking gaudier pleasures, that she lingered and lingered and held him in his trance, till gently she left him, drawing one more soft kiss from those youthful lips, having left on them her mark, the awakening of love!

[To be continued.]

LIFE AND POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

WHEN at the end of the fourth century the Asiatic and German barbarians irresistibly attacked the frontiers of the western Roman empire, they found it already in a state of rapid decay. It was the task of these savage and uncultivated, but thoroughly strong and healthy nations, to vivify the old forms with their new and uncorrupted spirit. In this way the young mediæval civilisation grew out of the ruins of the antique ideas; and just as the political and social institutions of Rome were remodelled, so also the poetry and the language on which it was founded were strongly influenced by the new rulers. This language was no longer the idiom of Cicero and Horace. The classical purity of the Augustine age had been lost; the archaic forms and constructions preserved only in the vulgar dialect were now re-introduced into the written language of scholars and poets. Thence it is that we find the illiterate expressions of the comic characters in Terence and Plautus occupying a place, as correct and fully recognised words, in the dictionaries of the Romance languages. Moreover the analytical principle in the forms of conjugation, which is one of the most striking characteristics of declining and modernising influences in a language, grew stronger and stronger. Instead of 'feci' men began to write 'habeo factum;' and this was easily transformed into the 'j'ai fait' and 'ho fatto' of the Romance idioms. Naturally, in this process of change and analysis, the influence of the different German dialects became all the more powerful. It is true that the German intruders, like other barbarian conquerors of highly cultivated nations, adopted the language of their subjects; but a great many words of Teutonic origin, especially the terms of war and its implements, found their way into the Romance languages. The French 'guerre' and the Italian 'guerra' are nothing else but the old high German 'werra;' and the title of highest dignity in the French army even at the present day, 'maréchal' (mediæval Latin 'mariscalcus'), means only the 'shalc,' groom of the mares.

Of all the various languages of Latin origin, the Provençal was the first which attained to an independent characteristic type of expression. To its domain belonged not only the Provence of later times, but the whole of southern France and the neighbouring parts of Spain and

Italy; the name of Provence, and the Provençal language, pointed to the old Provincia Romana of the Cæsars. The wealth of the country and the lively and joyous character of its inhabitants were highly favourable to the culture of poetry, and it is probable that in very early times songs and dances to the sounds of the viola enlivened the harvest feasts of the Provençal villages; but this oldest popular poetry, which was very likely epic in character, existed only in the mouths of the simple jongleurs and minstrels, and in consequence we have no documentary relics of it. The poetic literature in the Provençal or langue d'oc (as it is called from the affirmative particle oc—Latin 'hoc,' in contrast to the northern French dialect the langue d'oïl—Latin 'hoc illud') begins for us only with the end of the eleventh century. About that time lived the first and one of the most consummate troubadours, Count William IX. of Poitiers. After him followed a great number of refined and elevated poets, who made their country famous throughout the civilised world. This epoch of poetical bloom lasted in the south of France for two hundred years, and came to an end together with the thirteenth century. Several reasons may be quoted for the sudden and complete cessation of this rich creative power. The principal one must be sought in the devastation which was spread over the country by the fanatic crusades against the Albigenses, and afterwards by the Inquisition. Together with the Crusaders the northern French element intruded itself into the customs and language, and under these united influences the tender flower of Provençal poetry withered quickly and irretrievably. The last troubadour who endeavoured to vivify the old traditions was the gifted scholar and poet Guirault Riquier; his labour was lost by the general exhaustion of mind after the long war, and the engrossing rudeness of the nobility. The year of his death, which may be called also that of the poetry of the troubadours, was 1294; after that time the langue d'oc sank into a mere dialect; every trace of this brilliant epoch of literature disappeared, and even the memory of it died out for generations. It is only in recent times that its monuments have been again discovered, but they have remained hitherto the exclusive property of scholars. Lately a poet of talent, M. Mistral, has attempted to restore the southern French dialect to a place among the written languages; however his poems have no connection with the old troubadours. His 'Mirèio' is as different from the lady loves of Bertran de Born or Guillaume de Cabestank as his irregular though sonorous patois is from their refined and grammatical language.

All true poetry must be the offspring of its time; it must show as in a mirror the best contemporary thoughts and ideas. This is the case with the poetry of the troubadours. The period at which it takes its rise, the end of the eleventh century, is the time when Europe was filled with new life by the enthusiasm for liberating the Holy Sepulchre. Faurel therefore is justified in calling the poetry of the troubadours

the 'expression of knightly ideas, feelings, and actions.' These knightly sentiments radiated especially from three centres—personal courage in the field of battle, tender admiration of beautiful women, and strong religious exaltation. But though these principles were common to all the different nations of civilised Europe, yet they were most strikingly exemplified in Provence owing to the impulsive originality of these children of the South. The celebration of the beloved object was generally of the tenderest and at the same time most ardent nature. The *canzos*, one kind of the Provençal poetry which were exclusively dedicated to the praise of beauty, are very often characterised by a delicacy of feeling and expression which could hardly have been expected in those ages, and are scarcely surpassed by any modern poet. On the other hand, the sensitive and ironical mood of the Provenceaux prevented them from exaggerating these feelings into monotonous admiration such as we often find in the contemporaneous German *minnesingers*. Several poets, like the Monk of Montaudon or Marcabrun, censure with the greatest sharpness the little weaknesses of the fairer half of mankind, and the latter goes even so far as to say that all the misery and wretchedness of this world is the direct consequence of the most pernicious passion of love. 'Famine,' he sings, 'and mortality and war are not half as dangerous as Love, who fetters the heart by his cunning and artifice. If he has brought down some one to the bier his eye does not become wet. He who has any business with Love gives himself into the bondage of the devil. Love is like a spark in the embers; whoever is hurt by his fire does not know where to flee to.'

Another troubadour, the above mentioned Count William of Poitiers, did not consider the perils of the 'grande passion' in so serious a light. He seems to have been a formidable gallant, and to have made cruel havoc in the hearts of his fair countrywomen. The old Provençal biography naïvely introduces him as follows: 'The Count of Poitiers was one of the most courteous men of this world and a great deceiver of ladies; he was a valiant knight and had much trouble with love affairs, he knew well how to sing and to make poems, and for a long time he rode all over the world to deceive ladies.' The poems of the Count give this statement a sometimes not very decorous though always good-humoured and poetical commentary.

As an example of heroic valour the troubadour Bertran de Born is prominent among the knights of his age. His life, as we have seen, falls in time of the war between King Henry II. and his sons. The troubadour's songs were again and again directed to animate the rebels against their lord and father, and it is not without reason that Dante shows him in the 'Inferno' with his head severed from his body, 'Perch' io partii così giunte persone.' But whatever Bertran's faults may have been, infidelity to his friends was not amongst them. The old manuscript tells a touching story of his magnanimity and friendship. Henry II.'s son Prince Henry being dead, the King pursued the

rebellious nobles of his party with the utmost rigour; and Bertran de Born, the best friend and counsellor of the unloyal son, was besieged in his Castle Hautefort. After a long and valiant resistance he was at last compelled to surrender, and the knight himself with all his followers was brought before the King. Henry received him very ill, and said to him, 'Bertran, Bertran, you have often boasted that you did not need half of your spirit and craft to defend yourself, but now you see you may indeed want the whole of it.' 'Sire,' answered Bertran, 'I was right to say so, and I have spoken the truth.' 'Then I suppose,' said the King, 'you have lost all your wit, to have fallen in such distress as I see you in.' 'In truth,' replied Bertran, 'so it is; for on the day when your good and valorous son died I lost sense and reason and consciousness.' When the King heard this he was touched by the loss of his son, and he could not endure it, but fainted away. After he had recovered he said, 'Bertran, Bertran, you were right to lose your reason through my son's death, for he loved you better than any other man alive, and for his sake I will give you back your life and all your property, and will bestow my mercy upon you, and pay you three hundred silver marks in compensation for the harm I have done you.'

The third great centre of chivalrous feeling was the strong religious enthusiasm in strict subordination to the faith of the Catholic Church. In the troubadours this tendency was combined with love of their own country and a consistent opposition to the claims of the Papal See. In the cruel wars against the Albigenses and Waldenses, almost all the troubadours took the side of their countrymen, even if they did not agree with their heretical opinions. The resentment of Rome is to be seen in a Bull of the year 1245, in which Pope Innocent IV. declares the langue d'oc to be the idiom of heretics, and forbids its use to the students. The troubadours took part in these struggles in their double capacity of knights and poets. Their weapons were intellectual no less than material, and the first were the most formidable of the two. Poetry in Provence was always considered among the appliances of war, and bitter hatred is expressed without restraint in the powerful verses of their sirventeses.¹ It was by means of these that the troubadours gave utterance to their social, religious, and political feelings, and the sirventeses therefore form a prominent and not the least interesting part of Provençal poetry. This polemical kind of verse has been compared with the journalism of modern times, and it may be doubted which of the two has had the greater influence on the minds

¹ The exact sense of the word Sirventes is very difficult to give. The word is derived from the Latin verb *servire*, and means the song of a serviens or bondsman. The oldest Provençal authority, a dry compilation of mediæval grammatical and poetical knowledge with the promising title of *Leys d'amors*, defines it thus: 'Sirventes is a song which contains blame and censure; it may also treat of valour and deeds of war:' but this definition is not sufficiently wide.

of contemporaries. Wandering jongleurs and minstrels took care to propagate these songs quickly and universally, and their effect was greatly heightened by oral recitation. Their license in the expression of opinions and violent attacks against their adversaries would hardly now be conceded to the press even in the freest countries. It is an indication of their great and dangerous influence that even powerful sovereigns made use of the sirventeses in their quarrels. Richard I. of England, for instance, accuses the Dauphin of Auvergne of having vilely sold his loyalty for money. The offended prince answers in the same difficult metre, and endeavours to defend his honour by even stronger reproaches against his assailant. The same Dauphin of Auvergne thought it worth his while to answer the poetical assault of a simple commoner called Peire Pelissier. The worthy merchant had given the muse in service to Mercury, and reminded the Dauphin in melodious verse of an unpaid bill. The prince of course treats this vulgar claim with scorn, and calls the importunate creditor a rough and vulgar fellow unacquainted with the rules of good society. Thus the sirventes literature is distinguished not only by the great variety of its subjects, but also by that vivacity of style and manner which always arises from the poets being personally interested in the matter of their productions. It is accordingly one of the richest and most genuine of the historical and psychological sources of knowledge of the Middle Ages. The general character of this epoch of poetical literature cannot be better illustrated than by considering in some detail the life and opinions of Peire Vidal, one of the most celebrated and eccentric of the troubadours. His adventures and poems show as in a kaleidoscope all the romantic and often exaggerated and whimsical ideas which animated his age and country.

'Peire Vidal'—begins the old biography—'was born in Toulouse as the son of a furrier; he sang better than any other poet in the world, and was one of the most foolish men who ever lived, for he believed everything to be just as it pleased him and as he would have it.' That he grew to his greatness out of the meanest circumstances was a lot which he shared with some of the most famous of his brethren, such as Marcabrun and Folquet, and it accounts to a certain extent for many of his follies and illusions. The time of his birth it is impossible to state accurately; it appears, however, from several remarks in his poems, that it must have been somewhere about the middle of the twelfth century. In his youth he seems to have been very poor; thus in one of his earlier canzos he addresses a lady in the following simple and frank words: 'I have no castle with walls, and my land is not worth a pair of gloves, but there never was nor will be a more faithful lover than I am.' When his genius had made him the favourite and companion of kings and nobles he did not lack wealth. In his songs we never find any request for assistance from his protectors, such as often occurs in the stanzas of other troubadours, and he was even

in a position to keep many servants and followers. He soon was tired of a quiet life, and left home to find fortune and renown. First he went to Spain, where he was kindly received at the court of Alfons II., King of Aragon, one of the most liberal protectors of the troubadours; but his restlessness could not endure any long sojourn in the same place. He went to Italy, and for many years he was travelling about between that country, Spain, and the south of France, always well received by nobles and princes, and always in love with beautiful women. It would be impossible to give the names of the different objects of his admiration. A general character of these futile attachments was that the poet believed himself quite irresistible, and supposed no interval to exist between his seeing and conquering. 'Often,' he says, 'I receive messengers with golden rings and black and white ribbons. Hundreds of ladies would fain keep me with them if they could.' In another canzo he boasts that all husbands are afraid of him more than of fire and sword. In point of fact, however, the ladies he admired did not by any means justify these illusions, and his old biographer goes so far as to say that they all deceived him '*totas l'engannavan.*' The best proof of the harmlessness of our poet's love affairs seems to be that the husbands concerned were more amused than offended by his homage to their wives. One of them, however, took the matter less easily. When Peire Vidal boasted in his usual way of having received many favours from his wife, he took his revenge by imprisoning the poet and piercing his tongue through. This anecdote of the old manuscript is confirmed by different allusions to the fact in the poems of other troubadours. The Monk of Montaudon, who mercilessly ridicules Peire Vidal's follies, says that he required a silver tongue.

The first strong and real attachment the poet seems to have formed was for the Viscountess Azalais, of the family of Roca Martina, wife of Barral de Baux, Viscount of Marseille. She was praised for her beauty and kindness by many of the greatest troubadours, and it was for her that Folquet of Marseille, the amorous poet and afterwards ascetical bishop, sung his tenderest canzos. Peire Vidal in his poems always calls her Vierna, one of the nicknames by which the troubadours, in the same way as the antique poets their Lesbias and Lalages, addressed for discretion's sake the fair objects of their admiration. Peire Vidal's love in this case, unlike his former transient passions, was of long duration. Even the severest treatment, and a long banishment from the lady's presence, could not extinguish his affection for her. Far from her he was unhappy, and sent her his songs as messengers of love and devotion. At first she was well pleased with the homage of the celebrated poet who spread the renown of her beauty over all the country. Moreover Barral her husband was on very friendly terms with Peire, and sometimes even had to compose the little differences which soon arose between the eccentric troubadour and his beloved

one. The poet complains bitterly of her cruelty and ingratitude towards him who has always been faithful to her, but this grief of unanswered love was favourable to his poetic genius. To this period belong his most beautiful canzos, full of most touching pathos and marked by great artistic perfection. 'I was rich and happy,' he says in one of these songs, 'until my lady has turned my joy to grief, for she behaves to me like a cruel and pitiless warrior. And she is wrong in doing so, for I never gave her occasion to complain of me, and have always been her most faithful admirer. But this very faithfulness she will never forgive me. I am like a bird which follows the hunter's pipe, although it be to its certain death. So I exposed my heart willingly to the thousands of arrows which she throws at me with her beautiful eyes.' But presently he is afraid to offend her even by these modest complaints. In the *tornada* (as the last verses of each canzo are called, in which the poet addresses the person or persons to whom his song is dedicated) he says, 'Oh lady Vierna, I will not complain of you, but I think I deserve a little more recompense for all my waiting and hoping.' Notwithstanding all these entreaties the lady had no pity for her unhappy lover. The slight favours she granted him were balanced by outbreaks of bad temper, and worst of all she began to find something ridiculous in the rather eccentric proofs of Peire's unchanged devotion. At last an inconsiderate outbreak of his passion resulted in his being for a long time banished from her presence. One day, early in the morning, Count Barral had risen, and Azalais remained alone in her room. Of this occasion the enamoured troubadour availed himself to go there in secret. He knelt down before her couch and kissed the lips of his slumbering love. At first she believed him to be her husband, and smiled kindly, but when she awoke and saw it was the 'fool' Peire Vidal who had taken this liberty, she grew furious, and began to weep and to raise a great clamour. Her attendants rushed into the room, and the importunate intruder had a narrow escape of being severely punished on the spot. The lady immediately sent for her husband, and begged him to avenge Peire's impertinence; but Count Barral, according to the opinions of his time, did not consider the offence an unpardonable one, and reproved the lady for having made so much of a fool's oddities. He did not, however, succeed in softening her wrath; she made the story known all over the country, and uttered such terrible threats that the poet began to fear for his safety, and preferred to wait abroad for a change in his favour. He went to Genua, and soon afterwards, according to some manuscripts, followed King Richard on his crusade to the Holy Land. Though this latter assertion is for chronological reasons not very probable, yet Peire's voyage to Palestine cannot be doubted. Here he composed the little song of love and home-sickness which I have attempted to translate, following the original closely, but the tender grace and melodious charm of which it would be impossible to reproduce in our northern idiom:

With my breath I drink the air
 That my land Provence sends me,
 For a message always lends me
 Joy, from her most dear and fair.
 When they praise her I rejoice,
 Ask for more with trembling voice,
 Listen, listen night and morrow.

For no country 'neath the sun
 Beats mine from Rozer to Vensa,
 From the sea to the Durensa :
 Nowhere equal joy is won.
 With my friends, when I did part,
 And with her I left my heart
 Who dispelled my deepest sorrow.

Nothing harms me all the day
 While her sweet eyes stand before me,
 And her lips that rapture bore me.
 If I praise her no one may
 Call my rapturous word a lie,
 For the whole world can descry
 Nothing wrought in sweeter fashion.

All the good I do or say
 Only to her grace is owing,
 For she made me wise and knowing,
 For she made me true and gay.
 If in glory I abound,
 To her praise it must redound
 Who inspires my songs with passion.

By such repeated proofs of the poet's unchangeable love the heart of Azalais was at last touched. Besides, fool as he was, Peire was undoubtedly one of the most renowned troubadours, and the proudest beauty could not be indifferent to the celebration of her own charms in canzos as popular as they were exquisite. Barral importuned his wife till she promised the poet forgiveness of all past offences, and immediately sent the happy message to Peire. Some of the manuscripts say that Azalais wrote him a letter in which she promised him all he had been wishing for so long. Peire Vidal returned to France, and Barral on hearing of his arrival rode to meet him, and guided him to Marseille. Azalais received him gracefully, and afterwards granted him the kiss he had once taken. All was forgiven and forgotten, and the troubadour commemorated the happy reconciliation by a song radiant with joy and hope. This state of pure happiness, however, was not destined to be of long duration. The lady seems to have been disinclined to fulfil her promises; the complaints in Peire's canzos of her cruelty and falseness begin anew, and at last he very likely grew tired of his unrewarded pains. Certain is that he did not stay very long in Marseille, for he does not make the slightest mention of Barral's death, which happened soon after, in 1192. This silence

would have been impossible if he had been living at the time at his old friend's and protector's court.

While he was yet the declared admirer of Azalais, the poet had fallen in love with several other ladies, from one of whom he now seems to have sought consolation. This was Loba de Peinantier, who lived in Carcassonne. Her name Loba (she-wolf) became the motive of one of Peire Vidal's most fantastic exploits; he gave himself the designation of a wolf, and adopted the animal as a badge. Once he put on a wolf's skin, and called upon the shepherds to hunt him with their dogs. They readily accepted the offer, and treated him so badly that he was brought more dead than alive to the house of his beloved. Here, in addition to his wounds, he had to suffer the pitiless jests of the lady, who was not at all pleased by this kind of admiration. But in this case also the husband was more merciful, and regarded the aberrations of the great troubadour with indulgence. He took the greatest possible care of him, and had him tended by the best physicians. It would be difficult to believe a consummate poet had really been guilty of such absurdities, if he did not bear witness against himself. 'I do not mind,' he says in one of his poems, 'if they call me a wolf, and if the peasants hunt me as such I do not consider it as a disgrace.' The foolishness of the man, however, did not impair the genius of the poet, and some of his canzos addressed to Loba are amongst the finest productions of Provençal literature. Whilst he was engaged in these and other love affairs the poet was also married, which of course did not interfere with his attachments of this kind more than the same circumstance did with Dante's spiritual love for Beatrice Portinari. I mention the circumstance only because it throws fresh light on Peire's wonderful capacity for illusion. On his voyage to the Holy Land, he got acquainted in Cyprus with a Greek lady, whom he married and brought home with him. Soon afterwards he was made to believe that his wife was the niece of the Greek emperor, and had as such a claim to the imperial crown. This idea was just to his taste, and he adapted himself to it without any difficulty. He had already, if we are to believe the satirical Monk of Montaudon, conferred knighthood on himself; now he assumed with equal facility the arms of the Emperor of Greece. He began collecting money, wherever he could find it, for an expedition to realise his claims. Meanwhile, he called himself and his wife by the title of 'Imperial Majesty,' and duly provided himself with a throne. It is needless to say that his schemes came to nothing; the only consequence was to expose him to greater ridicule than before. His brethren in poetry were not slow to avail themselves of this opportunity of lowering a renowned troubadour in general estimation, and to do him as much harm as they possibly could. One bitter and contemptuous sirventes will give an example of the amiable feelings with which rivals in art regarded each other. Its author is the Italian Marquis Lanza, and it runs thus: 'We have

an emperor without sense or reason or consciousness; a worse drunkard never sat on a throne; no greater coward wore shield and lance, no greater scoundrel made verses and canzos. I wish a sword would split his head, and an iron dart go right through his body; his eyes ought to be torn out of his head with hooks. Then we will give him some wine, and put on his head an old scarlet hat, and for a lance he may have an old stick. So he may safely wander from here to France.' Peire Vidal answered this friendly address with equal warmth. 'Marquis Lanza,' he says, 'poverty and ignorance have spoilt your manners. You are like a blind beggar in the street, who has lost all shame or decency.'

It would hardly have been expected that, with all this trouble about his loves and his empire, the poet could have had any time left to take part in the real political and religious struggles of his time. But in fact his versatile genius was as much interested in public affairs as in his own private concerns. As one of the first poets of his time he was in continual intercourse with princes and nobles, and there he had ample means of knowing the politics of his protectors, and frequent occasion to use his poetical gift on their behalf. Among his most constant friends was King Alfons II. of Aragon, at whose court the chief poets of the time gathered and found shelter against poverty and contempt. The King himself practised the art of poetry; and we possess a canzo by him which, if not of the first excellence, shows at least that he did not shrink from competing for the prize in the 'Gaja Sciensa.' According to his liberality so was his praise in the songs of the most renowned troubadours. Bertran de Born, indeed, accuses him of treason and cowardice, but the passionate character of this poet made him unscrupulous in his attacks on political and personal enemies. Peter II., Alfons' son, inherited his father's disposition towards the troubadours, and it was a great loss for them when he fell in the battle of Muret (1213) against the Crusaders. Peire Vidal was among the greatest favourites of both father and son. Alfons once had suits of armour of the same kind made for himself and the poet, a striking mark of friendship in so great a prince. The poet showed his thankfulness by the only return he had to offer, his songs. Several of his canzos are dedicated to Alfons, whose side he took in all the King's wars and feuds. The very first sirventes we have of Peire's refers to the war between Alfons and Count Raimon of Toulouse, and, notwithstanding the poet being born in that city, it is an ardent war song in favour of the intruder. The author, however, could not on this occasion withstand his natural inclination of self-praise, and certainly by his immoderate boasting lessened the effect of his song. 'If I only had a good horse,' he says, 'I should trample on all my enemies, for now already, if they hear my name, they are afraid of me more than the quail of the sparrow-hawk, because I am so strong and wild and ferocious; if I have put on my double white armour, and girt on my

sword, the ground trembles under me where I step, and there is no enemy of mine so bold as will not get out of my way as quickly as he can.' He goes on in this strain through several stanzas, and promises at last that if the King returns to attack Toulouse, he, Peire Vidal, will enter the city alone with the fleeing enemy and conquer it. The story of Coriolanus may possibly have been in his mind, but there are not many traces of his acquaintance with ancient Roman history. As a reward for his prowess he looked forward to obtaining the much desired knighthood, for in the tornada of the same sirventes he promises Lady Vierna that soon she shall love in him a noble cavalier. This hope, however, was not fulfilled; he was obliged to be content with the knighthood which he conferred on himself, and which of course other people did not recognise. Nevertheless, he was really the truest friend of Alfons till the King's death. This great loss he felt very deeply, and the words in which he gives utterance to his grief show that his attachment was genuine. 'In great affliction,' he sings, 'must live who loses his good master, as I have lost the best whom death ever killed. Certainly, I should not live if suicide were not a sin.' This song is dedicated to Peter II. of Aragon, the son of Alfons, who is called the 'corn of a good ear.' It was sent to him from the court of King Aimeric of Hungary, his brother-in-law, where Peire had retired after the death of his protector, and where he appears to have seen something more of the Germans, whom he had always thoroughly disliked. In the same sirventes he apostrophizes them in the following words: 'Germans, you mean, bad, and false people, nobody who ever served you has had any pleasure of it.' On a former occasion he had expressed his feelings on the same subject even more energetically. 'The Germans,' he says in another sirventes, 'are coarse and vulgar, and if one of them tries to be courteous he becomes quite intolerable; their language is like the barking of dogs. Therefore, I should not care for being Duke of Friesland, where I should always have to listen to the barking of these tiresome people.' These terms applied to the language of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide must of course be taken *cum grano salis*, and are certainly more characteristic of the critic than of those criticised by him.

In the Crusades, Peire Vidal took the most lively interest. We have already seen that he himself went to Palestine, but he worked for the cause by his songs more usefully than by his actual presence. I cannot refrain from quoting a few stanzas of one of his sirventeses in the original langue d'oc, which will be at the same time an excellent example of its sonorous charm, and of the poet's powerful energy in admonishing and reproaching those who were idle in the service of God:

Baros Jesus qu'en crotz fo mes,
Per salvar crestiana gen,
Nos manda totz comunalmen,
Qu'anem cobrar lo saint paes,

Ou vene per nostr'amor morir,
 E si nol volem obezir,
 Lai on feniran tuit li plag,
 N'auzirem maint esquiü retrag.

Reis aunitz val meins que pages,
 Quan viu a lei de recrezen,
 E plorals bes qu'autre despen,
 E pert so quel pair' conques.
 Aitals reis fari'ad aucir,
 Et son lag loc a sebelir,
 Quis defen a lei de contrag,
 E no pren ni dona gamag.

The 'infamous King' thus denounced is Philip Augustus of France, whom the troubadours hated and despised almost as unanimously as they extolled Alfons of Aragon.

This poem, apart from its political allusions, is remarkable as a specimen of Peire Vidal's peculiar manner of mixing the two different forms of canzo and sirventes together. Immediately after the passage just quoted about the French King the poet begins to explain his views on his favourite theme of love, and to explain how the unseasonable passion of mature ladies is sure to destroy the whole courteous world. This sudden change occurs in a similar manner in another sirventes where, after having reproached the same Philip Augustus as a coward and miser, the poet continues with great naiveté, 'But now I must turn my song to my lady, whom I love more than my own eyes or teeth.'

Peire Vidal's faults and errors were in great measure the result of the exaggerated sentiments of the time, and do not detract from his high poetical genius. The best of his contemporaries estimated him aright, and forgave the great poet the extravagance of his character. 'The greatest fool,' says Bartolomeo Zorgi, another celebrated poet of the time, 'is he who calls Peire Vidal a fool; for without reason it would be impossible to make poems like his.'

FRANZ HÜFFER.

A WORTHY MEMORY KEPT GREEN.

AFTER THE FASHION OF A BALLAD.

June 23, A.D. 1314.

NEVER a braver knight has been
Than staunch Sir Giles de Argentine,
But where he proved it, and where he fought,
You know not mayhap. Yet to know it you ought.

He stood by King Edward that fateful day,
When Bannock Burn ran red with the fray;
And before the pike and the claymore's stroke
The English forces scattered like smoke.

The field was lost—beyond reprieve!—
But Edward the king was loth to leave.
They prayed him fly, but they prayed in vain,
Till Sir Giles de Argentine seized his rein.

'Let a battle lost be all that we rue!
Sire, would you lose us England too?'
'Twas all that Sir Giles found breath to say
As he urged the monarch out of the fray.

Around the king there gathered a few,
Broken and bleeding, but tried and true;
And they guarded him well with sword and shield,
Till they bare him safe from the bloody field.

But when they reached the edge of the plain,
And the Earl of Pembroke had Edward's rein,
They slackened speed, and, along their track,
They looked on the field of slaughter back.

Then Sir Giles de Argentine drew rein,
And wiped his sword on his horse's mane.
He gazed on his king a little while,
Then turned him back, with a fearless smile.

' 'Tis not my own wont,' said he, 'to fly!'
And into the battle he rode—to die.
There with his face to the foe he fell:—
And a soldier might pray to die as well!

TOM HOOD.

The author is conscious of the impertinence of offering to keep green a memory enshrined in 'The Lord of the Isles'; but he ventures to think Sir Walter Scott, in the interests of De Argentine as one of his characters, somewhat overlooked and obscured the simple bravery and chivalric devotion of a 'knight without fear and without reproach.'

AN EXALTED HORN.

Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

Faust.

‘WELL: and what shall we do next?’ So asked my friend, Arthur Braybrooke, as we sat one evening in the month of August 1869, on the bench in front of Seiler’s Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt, after having been engaged for about a fortnight in Alpine work performed in the Zermatt region.

‘What next?’ I replied, dreamily letting the smoke escape in rings and pausing to think. Behind me was the white hotel, before me the green hills, dusky in the after sunset chiaro-scuro of a fine summer evening. Near our bench stood groups of peasants, Sesselträger, mules, guides, porters. One high thing stood out loftily clear in the bright light which had left the valley—the object in question being the four peaks of the Mischabel or Saas Grat range.

‘What next? Well, I really hardly know. Monte Rosa? Oh, I forgot, you have done that. You A. C. men have done everything. Really I don’t know what ought to come next; let us ask Christian.’

‘Very well,’ answered my friend, who also was quietly smoking, ‘let us consult Christian; but stop, here’s my Ball, and I can read him under the lamp. You call Christian, and I’ll have a look at Ball.’

While my friend was looking for the right page in Ball’s ‘Guide to the Western Alps,’ I strolled lazily into the guides’ room of Seiler’s Hotel, and called for our guide, Christian Lauener, who was engaged by us as chief guide for a specified time.

My friend—surely the best Alpine comrade that ever man had—was an A. C., and a much better climber than myself. He had, I fancy, secret yearnings after the Matterhorn, but suppressed them unselfishly, because he thought of danger to me, and because he knew that that fatal peak had to my imagination a fascination of great horror. Indeed, only a night or two before, we had been in a little room, dim in the bad light of one flaring candle, and had seen opened a certain wooden box, which contained a cut and knotted rope, a jagged sleeve, a stiff Alpine boot. We had further seen a small book of photographs

of poor Michel Croz, of Whymper, of Hudson, of Hadow, and Lord Douglas. We had seen, too, the graves in Zermatt churchyard, and the box contained the few pathetic relics of the expedition that led to that. The boot had covered a foot now blanching in some undiscovered crevasse upon the Matterhorn. The sleeve had clothed the strong arm of the brave guide. The rope had been cut from shattered corpses. Yes; there is a fascination, a horrible fascination, about the lonely and deadly peak. Seeing it every day for many days, hearing constantly some fresh detail of that fearful fatal fall, the Matterhorn gradually possesses the imagination as a demoniac mount, instinct with malignant cruelty and shocking with horrible death. It wholly oppressed and dominated my morbid fancies; and I was not sorry that Arthur did not propose, as he was half inclined to do, that we should attempt to ascend to its demon crest.

Christian was easily found, and came at my call with his usual hearty willingness. Those who have never seen this great Alpine guide may like to view him as he advances towards the bench in front of the hotel. Christian Lauener, perhaps some thirty-five or forty years old, is rather over six feet high, very strongly and actively built. He wears a uniform suit of a sad weatherstained green hue. His once black Tyrolese hat is crested with the feathers of the Waldhuhn, and the nails in his heavy boots clatter upon the round pebbles of the pavement in front of the hotel. His manly, cheery face expresses eloquently honesty, courage, fidelity, friendliness. He has done every big thing on the Alps, and has done many for the first time; some, as for instance the unique *Dent Blanche*, on one of the only two occasions on which that most difficult peak has been ascended. His Red Indian sagacity is equal to his cheerful trustworthiness. His step on the glacier is as sure as his heart is firm and true. To engage Christian is not merely to 'employ' him. You secure the zealous dependable assistance of a friendly man, as worthy and pleasant as he is competent. I always fancied that my giant guide presented to the sense of poet or of painter an ideal of William Tell. His clear laughing eye is of a light bluish-gray; his weatherbeaten features are sunburnt past all praying for; his light moustache and beard frame a mouth as firm in danger as it is kindly in repose. He combines all the highest qualities (and they are very high ones) of the first-class Swiss guide.

This picturesque and gigantesque figure, then, saunters slowly up to the bench on which my friend, who has found the place in Ball, is sitting under the lamp, and joins good-humouredly in our consultation.

'Look here!' cries Arthur, reading from his guide book, 'Ball says of the Mischabel range—how fine it looks there now!'—here Mr. Arthur began to read, while I looked over his shoulder—that "the Dom is 14,938 feet high."—the highest thing in Switzerland you know, and very little done—that "the Dom is the highest and steepest

continuous ascent yet made in the Alps; that thorough training is requisite for the mountaineers who would undertake it." I say, let's do the Mischabel; very few fellows have done it. Good work and fine view. Everyone has done Monte Rosa. We can do that afterwards. I am all for the Mischabel. Christian what do you say? What about the weather? Shall we try it to-morrow?

Christian, screwing up one eye as a sailor does, balanced on his feet, looked carefully all round the sky and hills, and then responded slowly, 'Well, I've never, as it happens, been up the Mischabel myself, but I've heard all about it from Anderegg who has, and I know the way and the porter at Randa who went up with your countryman Mr.—how do you pronounce it?—Davies? There's been a deal of snow lately o' nights, and I should say that cone would be rather heavy: but still I don't see why we shouldn't try it. We can do Monte Rosa next. Weather 'll do, I think. Not often done, the Mischabel. You two can do it. Well, yes; we may as well try it.'

This was confirmatory, and we determined to try the Mischabel. It appeared that we should have to start the next morning at about ten, and drive to Randa. From Randa, which is a village in the valley between Zermatt and Saint Nicholas, the ascent was to begin; and it further appeared that we should have to bivouac for a night in the open, on a shelf of rock on the side of the mountain, about 7,000 feet above Randa. Christian undertook to provide the rugs, the trap, and the second guide—who turned out to be a first-rate fellow—and said he would find porters at Randa. M. and Madame Seiler, the most friendly and sympathising of hosts and hostesses, engaged to attend to the commissariat; and everything being thus arranged, we smoked our final pipe amid joyous anticipations of a fine new mountain excursion on the morrow.

One thing only troubled me: a ruck in a stocking had rubbed a hole in one heel and had made a large sore place. What of that? One can't stop long on the Alps; weather there is changeable, and perhaps the heel won't hurt on the Mischabel. Anyhow the die is cast and to-morrow 'up we go!'

The next morning duly came, ten o'clock arrived, and with it all our necessities. At last we got under way from Zermatt. The provisions were packed and the rugs were not forgotten. Arthur and myself sat on the front bench; behind us were the two swarthy sunburnt guides. They carried the ice-axes and the ropes. A peasant in a blue blouse and round gray hat drove the tall well-fed mule. The narrow road winds along by the banks of the roaring river, which rages downwards to the sea, boiling, foaming, and heaping itself up into passionate waves and whirlpools whenever rocks or bends endeavour to oppose its furious flow. We are of course in a valley. On either hand rise chains of mountains. We are so close to those on the right hand that we see only the bulk of the lower spurs, and never the peaks; while,

separated from the left-hand range by the width of the river, by bare spaces of bleaching stony tracts of barrenness, and by fields, we see an occasional peak, a tract of snow, or white-ribbed glacier. As the road winds we lose sight of some of the peaks of the mountains beyond Zermatt. The Matterhorn disappears; presently the Petit Mont Cervin is lost sight of; then Castor and Pollux give place to the Lyskamm: but still ever present on the left hand is the fairest peak of all peaks, the clear soaring, sharp-pointed, pure-white pinnacle of the magnificent Weisshorn.

On the right we get occasional glimpses of the Mischabelhörner, the highest peaks of the Saas Grat range. They are our goal, which seems afar off as we near the base of the enormous mass. Our springless vehicle bumps along over the stony road, and our way is accompanied by the ceaseless roar of the ever-hurrying river which, apparently too late for an important appointment, swirls along in maddest haste. The sun shines bright and hot, and two hours' driving brings us to the village of Randa.

By the side of the road is one white hotel of very moderate pretensions. Before this the car stops: one guide lifts out all our traps, while Christian looks after the men that he has to engage as porters. One of these has, as a porter, been up before; and Christian enters with him into an eager discussion upon the details of the route. In about an hour we are ready to start, and set off in procession. As on all occasions, Christian leads; Arthur and myself walk together; then comes Joseph, and then the porters. The latter carry on their backs tall baskets which contain blankets, provisions, and a *casserole* for cooking. The commencement of the ascent is a continuous climb, steep but not difficult, the way winding through pine woods by a mountain stream, and over grass slopes studded with blocks and masses of rock. Thin goat paths are dimly marked, and as we are in no great hurry we swing gently on, talking and laughing, while stalwart Lauener breaks into snatches of cheery song.

We left Randa at about one o'clock: we expect to reach our dormitory easily by six or seven. We have two guides and three porters: one of the latter (two of them are to accompany us only to the sleeping place) is a bright eyed, merry faced youngster of some eighteen years, very pleasant to look upon; the porter who has been up before is a strong wiry fellow of a determined aspect; the third is a good-natured but lumpish young peasant, who tends cows up the neighbouring hills. The procession presses forward merrily (I wish my heel wouldn't throb so), and we indulge in delightful anticipations and retrospects. Only two difficulties occur before we reach the rock work. These are two moderately troublesome rock couloirs, perpendicular, smooth, high, and devoid of holding points. But Christian is equal to every emergency. Climbing up somehow first, he hoists up porters, ice-axes, baskets, and ourselves. Joseph comes last, helped by the rope; and we

begin in the falling light of the afternoon to climb the final rocks beneath the sleeping place—at which we arrive at the predicted hour of sunset. We find there two flat, narrow ledges of rock, separated by a hollow abyss which opens on the infinite. We christen at once one the dining-room and the other the bed-room. The ledges are perhaps four feet broad, tolerably flat, and impended over by great rock boulders. They are very safe, if you don't step over the edge, and pretty comfortable, if you don't mind a floor of rocky hardness and stony irregularity. We have mounted 7,000 feet. Now Christian, dinner, dinner, if you please.

Here we promptly begin our preparations for cooking. An iron pot, or *casserole*, is slung upon three sticks over a fire made of the arbutus wood which one of our porters has gathered on the way and carried up for us. The dry branches soon crackle and smoke, and then the bright flames begin to dart and leap. As the fire rises it shows us how the darkness is deepening all around. We make some soup, which would be poor stuff were it not for the Liebig lozenges which we put in, and which improve it as strength improves all character. The soup is soon ready, and we begin our welcome meal. The soup is good, and the guides render justice to Professor Liebig. We have some cold meat, not very good, and of an undeterminate character, but supposed to be muscular mutton. We have further some rather sour bread and some rather hard cheese. We have red wine, nominally emanating from the region of Bordeaux, and we have one bottle of English beer. Our champagne is reserved for the possible event of reaching the summit. There is further a small brandy flask in case of emergencies. Two of the porters now leave us to return to Randa; and then, grouped round the high blazing fire Arthur, myself, the gigantic Lauener, the sturdy Joseph, and the sinewy porter, sit or stretch, and eat. Fatigue and food evolve a delicious condition of repose, in which the body is supine while the fancy remains active. Meanwhile the darkness ever deepens and intensifies. And then, the 'things' being cleared away and a lantern stuck upon a little cleft of overhanging rock, there comes over us that joyous exaltation and excited repose which find their fittest exponent in a pipe. Arthur, with an expressive and circular glance, produces a briar-wood, and blows through it in a spirit of philosophic testing. 'They'll see our fire from Zermatt,' says Lauener, peering out into the darkness as if he could see that they saw, while he piles fresh arbutus on the merry blaze. 'Ah, they'll be looking out for us from Seiler's,' says Joseph, laying the branches so that they may soonest add to the flame, which now leaped and flickered ruddily in a small but brilliant patch of light redeemed from the darkness which it rendered more obscure. The pipes are lit, and, in deference to the cold, we heat some wine, and improvise a kind of mulled wine grog. Then with the aroma of tobacco blending with that of the arbutus, ensues that

utterly delicious lethargy of ecstasy which we have won by the work of the day and by anticipations of the work of to-morrow.

We talk; the guides tell us of former ascents, of difficulties surmounted, and dangers overcome: the porter tells us of his own previous ascent of the Mischabel. All our talk is coloured and toned by locality; is weird with the spirit of the Alps and practical with their vanquished impregnability. The guides confer eagerly with the porter upon details of to-morrow's climb. Someone, I think Arthur, alludes to the terrible Matterhorn accident, and we all begin, though in somewhat lowered tones, to discuss the most solemn and imperial crime of the murderous Matterhorn. This theme throws a hush upon our talk, and then the guides, who are altogether German in sentiment, propose a song. Joseph modestly yields the *pas* to Christian, who rises, the firelight setting off his splendid frame against the background of utter darkness, and begins. And what did he sing?—perched up on that high narrow slab of rock, with the awful depth below and the wide void around, with the ruddy light glistening flickeringly upon the black rock surface above, with the great night encircling the one spot of light, all feeling and all thought are serious. He did not sing—not one of us felt inclined to do so—of love, or wine, or war, or mirth. With his great rough storm-beaten voice Christian sang a Luther hymn, simple, pious, grand, resonant with trust in that God who had created all the wonder and the awe amid which we sat. I see the group now—see it as if it were worthily painted, while the tones of the great guide's great voice rang through the solemn stillness and the mighty void. Joseph sat as if in church, devout and attentive: the porter, his rough hands clasped before his knees, followed the rising and the falling of the singer's tones. Arthur lay upon his side, his face in shadow thrown by me, as I reclined supine beside him. Then Joseph, after some pressing, sang bashfully a plaintive little song of love for a Switzer home and for his native Alps. The flames sank down, and the glowing brands only smouldered. It grew very cold, and when nine o'clock was somewhat past Christian, announcing that we should have to start about two in the morning, insisted upon 'bed.'

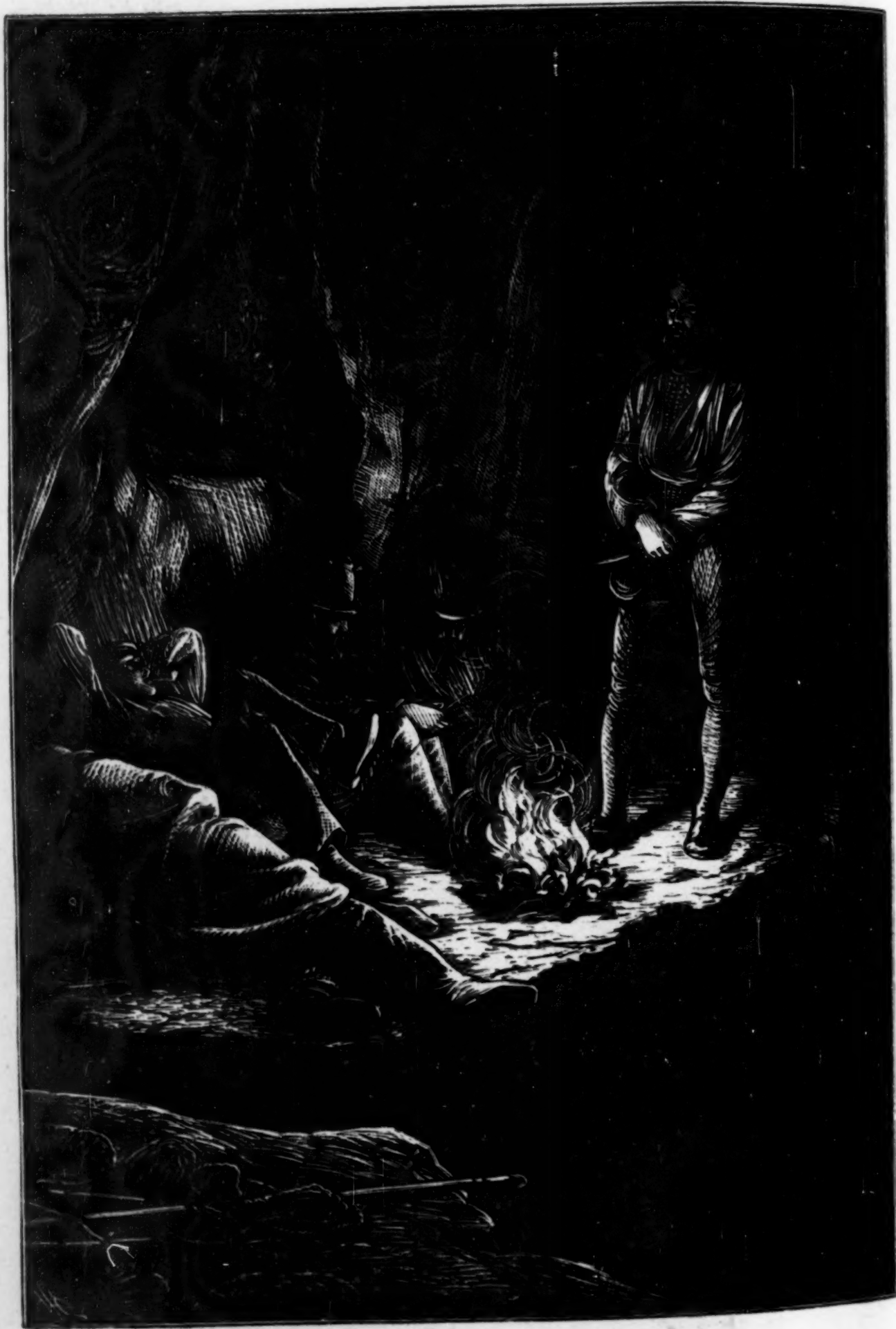
Arthur and myself were to sleep upon the second shelf of rock, to reach which we had to step across a void abyss of hollow and fearful depth. Lauener held the lantern for us and helped us across with the handle of an ice-axe. We then lay down in our clothes and boots, feet to feet, upon the narrow ledge, and were severally packed up in rugs by kindly Christian. After many cautions against moving in the night and so falling over the edge of the slab, he wishes us a hearty 'good night,' and disappears with the lantern round the block of rock towards the dining-room. The light gone it seemed directly very dark. The rock, too, on which I lay, was hard, uneven, and knubbly, and it took some time to find a moderately easy pitch. I elected at length to lie on my back. I heard Arthur, who remarked incidentally that it

was 'awfully cold,' struggling with similar difficulties. I could not find a soft place for my head, and on trying to arrange myself got my feet out of the rug. Comfort out of all question.

'One thing is,' remarked Arthur viciously (he never liked getting up), 'that it can't last for long. That brute Lauener will have us up in an hour or two. Confound him! I know he takes a joy in waking me, so the sooner we go to sleep the better. I feel sleepy. How do you get on, old fellow? What a beastly place this is! Oh, that'll do, I'm more comfortable now. Good night. I hope to goodness we sha'n't roll out of bed in the night and fall over that cursed precipice! Two o'clock, didn't he say? I suppose it's ten now. Did you wind up your watch? A precious short night—and so good night!' And therewith exit Mr. Arthur into the realm of sleep. Happy fellow! No kindly sleep came to me. Apart from the discomforts of the rock and the sting of the increasing cold, my imagination was far too excited for sleep.

Near, very near, was the edge of the slab on which I lay, and I fancied the frightful fall of a sleeping man down thousands of feet beneath it. It was intensely still. The faintest thin thread of a monotone of murmur from the river deep below could just be discerned when the beating of the heart did not drown the sound. I looked above. The sky was brilliantly starry, and it seemed as if I were lifted up half-way towards Orion and his peers. The foot of the Kien Glacier was just visible, ghostly and cold, as it flowed down to the level of our ledge. Now and then the night air seemed just to sigh round the rock above, and then again all was stiller than before. Before me the wide valley was filled up with a great dusk void of intense purple gloom; and opposite, on the valley's farther side, rose—long, high, and sombre—range on range of Alps. The splendid Weiss-horn, sharpest of cones and snowiest of peaks, soared sovereignly from out the kingly row. I was now lying on a level with his glacier, which from the valley seems shrunk up to his top, but which, as I reclined and looked upon it, appeared an awful expanse of crevasse-seamed ghastly whiteness. Now and then the silence was shattered for an instant by a sharp crack of the neighbouring glacier labouring stubbornly against the riving frost. I could just see the horrent peak of the fatal Matterhorn: I could just suppose where Zermatt slept in the valley far below. Seen from such a height as that on which I lay sleepless the lofty mountain ledge, the starry heavens above, the broad dark depth beneath, the grand old mountains all around, made up such a picture and filled up such a night as one sees and knows but once in life. Meanwhile Arthur slept. I tried to do so but found it vain. Useless to pull up the rug and to close the eyes, with a view to exclude surroundings which, once gazed upon, were seen more intensely when the eyes themselves were shut. No; no sleep for me that night on the ledge of the Mischabel.





DRAWN BY T. HENNESSEY.

'AN EXALTED HORN.'

At length I heard a muffled stir in the dining-room, and then, as I listened attentively, heard the click of a match. Soon, with a dim lantern in his hand, appeared Christian round the abyss. He found me wide awake, but my friend very much the contrary; and some little time and no little trouble were consumed in waking Arthur. It was dark and cold and cheerless, and we were cross, sullen, and silent. After a joyless scrappy sort of sketchy fragmentary breakfast we started at about 2 A.M., Lauener leading the way with a lantern which gave a discontented kind of dull inflamed light. The commencement of the work was rock climbing, going pretty straight upwards over black, cold, slippery rock surface. No one spoke, and we scrambled along silently and morosely. It was rather troublesome work, and after about half an hour of it Christian called a halt, and said that we must wait 'for a little more gray in the light.' Presently that stony, wan glare of coming morning began to spread slowly though the air; the lantern was put out, and on we went again. More rock work; then névé; then a long steep lateral moraine, frozen hard, and lively with loose blocks of rock which rattled fiercely down past us and had to be carefully avoided. Gray grim light always increasing; a sting of steel-cold air made colder by whiffs of morning wind, until, at about six, we reached the great glacier and halted under the lee of a block of rock for breakfast. Very cold now, and the wind much stronger. No sun yet. One foot amongst the party found to be frostbitten, but restored to animation by rubbing with snow and brandy. This breakfast consisted of the muscular mutton, very hard and tough, red wine, bread. After that a pipe, and then, bitterly cold as it still was, we all thawed and began to laugh and chat gaily as of yore. But oh, happiness! as we, having put on spectacles and mittens, were being roped in line to start, out darted a keen ray of sunlight, and our joy was full. Lauener led; I followed next on the rope; then came the other guide, next Arthur, and lastly the porter. The guides and the porter carried little bags of cowskin, and we knew that the porter bore the champagne, sacred to the far off-summit. And so we wound, and crunched, and slipped, and toiled along; crossing some crevasses and avoiding others. The sun was hot but the wind was high, and when we came into a deep basin surrounded by high peaks we looked up from our well and saw a sky of a dark streaky indigo hue. Next came some more rocks, and then snow slopes and levels. The snow was sometimes very deep and began to soften in the sun. Guides wonderfully intelligent in choosing the route, and porter useful in suggestions born of his former ascent. No view yet, except great snow wastes blackened by blocks of rock, and high peaks rising all around. All the scene unspeakably lonely, desolate, and grand. Arthur and myself agree that we shall long remember it, and congratulate each other upon such a memorable day. There is strong feeling of exulting excitement, of mental alteration, of keen observation, and of stirred imagination. My heel begins

to hurt me very much, but it will not do to think of that. Pretend to myself that I don't feel it at every step, and so go on.

The foot of the summit—of the true summit—that of the real Dom or Grabenhorn. We halt and sit down, and look up. There, too, are the other three out of the four peaks of the Saas Grat—the Täschhorn, the Gasenriedhorn, and the other anonymous peak, the unnamed Mischabel No. 3. But our peak interests us most because it is the one we have to get up. Seen from its foot it is a beautiful, very steep, very long, rather sharp snow pyramid, but it is so high and so very steep that the prospect of climbing it is a little disheartening. It seems utterly too steep to be ascended in a straight line. Arthur and myself speculate together upon the best way up, while an eager conference is going on between the guides and porter. The sun becomes very hot, and the wide snow glare would be blinding were it not for our neutral tinted spectacles. Conference of guides ends, and Christian comes towards us with his hearty laugh, and says we must start, as the snow is in a bad state, and the climb will be long and laborious.

A new arrangement is come to, and we are roped in two parties: Lauener, myself, and the porter on one rope, Arthur and Joseph on the other. We *do* start, and begin by going straight upwards.

The snow is bad, loose, and deep. It varies in depth from three inches to three feet, and beneath it is hard ice.

I follow Christian and tread diligently in his footsteps, though sometimes the loose snow cracks and breaks away under the second stepper and lets him slip backwards. Lauener was right, it *is* laborious.

It is also monotonous, the principal objects in my field of vision being Christian's brownish-black gaiters, as one sinks into deep and crumbling snow while the other is lifted out of it. Presently we leave a straight course as the gradient becomes too steep, and begin to zig-zag across the slope. Very hard work and very tiring. Every now and then Christian throws out a cheery word of encouragement, and I hear Joseph doing the like somewhere in the rear. More than an hour at this work without stopping, and I privately long for some excuse for even a brief respite. There is, perhaps about half-way up, a rock, and for this Christian, to my great joy, makes, and arrived there announces a breathing halt, or what he terms a *Schnaufzeit*. He says that we could not have stopped on the snow slope. The guides hack out with their ice-axes a place round the rock, and we all gladly throw ourselves down to rest. There is a view now: an ocean of purple peak waves opens before us, but we cannot stop to look at it, for Christian says we are late, and that with the snow as it is we mustn't waste time. On again, and the same thing again, in the way of weary climbing for perhaps another two hours. Just when it seemed as if going farther was impossible, just when my heel almost quite crippled me, Joseph announces the top. Another desperate effort and we really are, at about noon, upon the peak of the Dom.

We throw ourselves down flat on our backs, and our guides shout and jödel in a way that might well wake an avalanche. The porter unpacks his cowskin pocket and the well-known form of a champagne bottle appears. We all drink gleefully and then finish the bread and cheese, and then light a pipe. By this time we feel restored, and begin to look out for the view.

'Leslie Stephen says,' remarks Arthur with appreciative ecstasy, 'that this is the very finest view in the Alps. Let's see if he is right.' We think he is right.

The view is wonderful, past all whooping, beautiful beyond all description. See—those are the Italian lakes! What are those mountains with the huge level of snow spread out below them? Those, says Christian, are in Tyrol, and what looks like snow is really clouds. Those Alps there are the Dauphiné Alps, and that other mountain range is that of the Apennines. There's the Jura, and that—can it be?—yes, it is the Lake of Geneva! Look at the Oberland Giants: look at the Monte Rosa range! We seem to be above the Matterhorn, and are higher than the Weisshorn! You are, says Christian, on the highest peak in Switzerland, Mont Blanc (there he is—that's him) being in France, and Monte Rosa partly in Italy. What a sea, what a crowd of mountains—some snow capped, some purple. What glaciers! What an awful spread of near purple heavens! It seems like judging the world only by its greatest men. We turn round and look on every side. Switzerland, Italy, France, and the Tyrol, are all visible in their glorious ranges of eternal hills. No cloud above: below there is cloud only on the Tyrol, and there the peaks soar through it. How wide the range of vision, how high we are, how hot the glowing sun, how keen the mountain air! We recognise peak after peak that we know; we salute those that we have climbed. Our talk is all exclamation, our feeling is all ecstasy. What glorious things there are in this wonderful world of ours! What sublimity, what beauty, what wonder! We are glad, are grateful; we think it is 'good to be here.' Thought and feeling are blent in a tumult of great joy and of awed wonder. As each separate object strikes us we utter fragmentary ejaculations of recognition and delight. Shall we ever be able to remember all that we saw there? We think not, but agree that we shall never forget that scene, that day; that we shall often recall it by London winter firesides, and shall perhaps never meet each other without a thought and a mention of the great Mischabel-Dom. When we have been there, as it seems to us, about ten minutes, Lauener, the inexorable, announces decisively that we must begin the descent, and hurries us unfeelingly away. The slope from the peak downwards to the bottom of the pyramid looks very awful to go down; and so we find it. It looks to be an almost sheer descent. We plunge up to mid-leg in every deep hole made by a guide's step. We labour and flounder and slip. One slip, but for Christian, would have brought us

to the bottom without much waste of time. The snow was often deep and insecure; having fallen very recently, it was dazzlingly white. However, we did at length reach the bottom of the pyramid in safety, and paused to rest for a few moments on the black rocks beneath.

'We are well out of that!' remarked Christian with gleeful emphasis. 'I didn't at all like the descent with the snow in such a state. No hold, and might have been an avalanche with this wind—a great deal of fresh snow has fallen lately. I thought at Zermatt that we should find this bit ugly. Glad we're safely down.' Looking forward, we can trace our previous track by a long winding line of deep holes in the sun-sparkling snow plain. All once more on one rope we start on the return journey. How dark our lonely figures look in that desolate and dreary expanse. We recross the snowfield, we again traverse the glacier—on which I manage to crack through into a crevasse but am saved by laying my ice-axe across—we pass, travelling now at a much quicker rate, the moraine with its slope of falling rocks, the *névé*, we reclamber down the rocks from which we started in the morning and arrive once more at the dining and bed rooms.

Here we halt to dine off the remains of our provisions. It is, I think, about four o'clock. We take a good look at the scene which we may never again see, we enjoy one after-dinner pipe, and then start finally for Zermatt. We get down the two couloirs pretty comfortably, we finish with the rocks, and find ourselves on steep grass slopes sprinkled with gray stones. We come to some Sennhütte, and see a cow tied to a musical bell. Passing the waterworn stones we reach the pine woods at dusk, and do not emerge from them until it is quite dark, but looking up we catch a glimpse of the Mischabelhörner all aglow with amethyst light. We have long ago taken off spectacles and mittens, and now find that our faces and necks are fiercely sun-bitten. I am a little stiff, a fact which makes itself apparent when I have to lift a leg over a lump of rock. At last come the final meadow slopes and the lights of Randa. It is about eight o'clock; we get a great bowl of Alpine milk there, and find our carriage waiting. We settle with our porter, and with our two guides mount the welcome vehicle. It is dark, the road is rough and narrow, but horse and driver are going home, and with shouts and loud crackings of the whip we rattle and bump along at a good pace. The roaring river gleams grayly light through the gloom of night. We look back to try to make out the spot on which we bivouacked the night before. We are joyous, excited, triumphant. At length come wooden houses, then the pebbly stones of Zermatt. A shout, a final whip-crack—and we pull up in a blaze of light before the comfortable hotel.

M. and Madame Seiler are waiting with lights. Our friends come out to welcome us, heads appear at windows, strangers crowd round the carriage, all congratulate us on our ascent and safe return. M. Seiler says he saw us with a glass on the top. They *did* see our fire on the

bivouac. We order a bottle of champagne for our guides. A welcome tub, a change of clothes and boots, and we enter a lighted room and find a good dinner ready. How we enjoy it! We have to narrate the particulars of the climb, and then, after dinner, we adjourn with our friends to a room in which a wood fire blazes, and have a cigar and a chat, while our slippered feet are warm and bright in the merry fire-light. What a sleep afterwards! what a beatific sleep in a good bed in a pleasant room; the window of which, by the way, frames a perfect picture of the deadly Matterhorn. We get to bed at twelve. At seven next morning I meet Arthur to go to bathe. Our muscles feel not unpleasantly that we have done a good bit of work, but my unfortunate heel is rather bad. Returning to breakfast we see the ever-cheerful Christian with a beaming morning face; and having happily accomplished the Mischabel, we again consult upon the basis of the question with which we started, 'Well, and what shall we do next?'

In the year following (1870) one was not able to get to Switzerland, but my heart was with her summer snows, and I soothed my Sehnsucht with recollections of the past. How sad it is to gaze on the unused ice-axe leaning idle against the wall! The other day I turned up accidentally a photograph of the Mischabelhörner, and this sun picture stirred so vividly the memories of our ascent that I yielded to an impulse to record some image of an excursion which gave us so much delight. Many like myself were last year excluded from Switzerland; and I fancied that a sketch in which the Alps and delight should be mingled like snow and champagne might interest other exiles from Helvetia. In spite even of the great war whose echoes, like thunder rolling among far mountains, reached us in awful mutterings, there are yet quiet hours in which the fancy indulges in visions of sights 'too fair to be looked upon but only on holidays.' My little picture is not painted for those Alpine Club gentlemen whose many triumphs of endurance and of daring lead them perhaps somewhat to underrate all things Alpine except the highest difficulty and the greatest danger, and who might possibly scorn the sketch of an ascent which, from a climbing point of view, is only second rate. No—it addresses itself very modestly to those who love with an imaginative love the majesty and the mystery of the austere beauty of Switzerland, who perchance with Tyndall have recognised upon the glacier and the peak the full joy of Being in the highest development of mental and of physical power, and have felt with Goethe the thrilling sense that in those noble Alps, in those 'earth-o'ergazing mountains,' His high works are glorious now as they were upon the first day.

H. SCHÜTZ-WILSON.

MODERN SOCIALISM.

It is sometimes said that the interest which used to be devoted to political matters is now directed rather to social questions. And so far as internal politics are concerned there is much plausibility in the remark. One of the measures promised this Session is to introduce the Ballot into parliamentary elections. But while such subjects as Education, Trade Unionism, and the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, excite the liveliest attention, who is there under the age of forty who really cares one atom whether the Ballot Bill passes or not? Yet this was one of those five points which not a quarter of a century ago set all the working classes practising the goose step, and on the other hand so stirred the mighty heart of the great middle class that there was scarcely a grocer who did not enroll himself as a special constable; while Louis Napoleon, ready as ever to support the cause of order, even at the risk of a black eye, grasped his truncheon, and appeared in his favourite rôle of the saviour of Society. It is true that during the late war social questions were forgotten in the excitement of more stirring topics. Yet their influence was never more marked than in the sympathies thus created with the combatants. In former days, when political reforms were demanded, America was the country to whose example the reformers mainly appealed. In these days the fascination of American institutions has greatly subsided. The reason is plain. It is certain that America is in advance of us in political development. It is equally certain that America is behind us in social experience. A republic is a higher political product than the elaborate sham of constitutional monarchy. But a country in which the antagonism of labour and capital and the difficulties of pauperism have scarcely been felt is not the country from which we in England can learn many lessons in social wisdom. Thus it has come about that as the eyes of the political reformer turned to America as the land where, more than in any other, his ideal was realised, so now the eyes of the social reformer turn to France—to France with her warm feeling of fraternity, with her fertility in ideas and wonderful power of popularising them; above all, to France as the country where the same problems that are before us have to be encountered and if possible to be solved.

Accordingly, when the cynic enjoyed the strange spectacle of English democrats and high Tories vying with each other in their support of a French republic, the democrats, at any rate, had some reason for their conduct. It was not the merits of the particular war, but the fact that they shared the aims and aspirations of the French workmen that won their sympathies. It is of course easy to observe that Paris is not France, that the French peasant is the most conservative mortal in existence, and that the republic which they applauded is really the most deadly enemy of the Reds whose cause they adopt. The English democrats might well make the same mistake which was committed by Garibaldi.

But if this is the case, if the existing state of society is so distasteful to these persons that no political changes will content them, unless accompanied by a social revolution, it is important to learn what is the ideal at which they aim, and what the state of society they propose to substitute for that now in existence. But however natural this question is to ask, it is one to which it is exceedingly difficult to get not only a definite answer, but any answer at all. Even in France, where Socialism is a living fact, far more than in this country, there seems to be no explicit socialist platform; and one of the chief difficulties of the government of M. Thiers has been that it could not at first ascertain what it was that the insurgents of Montmartre really required. The reflection at once suggests itself that, so long as this is the case, society is in no great danger. Men of ideas may become dangerous, because they are often ready to run great risks to carry out those ideas. But men whose agitation arises merely from a vague sentiment of dissatisfaction can never be really formidable so long as the propertied classes are true to themselves. The deplorable scenes in Paris are due as much to the miserable hesitation and want of confidence on the part of the middle classes as to a not unfounded distrust of a reactionary Assembly. In this country we are often told that we are passing through a crisis, that we have shot Niagara, and the like; but people may keep their minds easy. It is, indeed, the fashion in some quarters to depreciate the English middle classes, to assert that they have no ability for organisation, that they are mere Philistines, incapable of real political ideas. But whatever foundation for these strictures may exist, one thing is certain. They are not deficient in the resolution to maintain their rights. Were they opposed to a large body of fanatics, bent at all costs, and with any sacrifices on carrying out certain cherished and definite views, the prospect might be a grave one. But that they will be intimidated by mere anarchists is most unlikely, and would be entirely at variance with the whole history of this country. Till the British mob provides itself with a set of principles, and is less influenced by beer, the order of things is in no great danger of overthrow.

In the opinion of many persons Socialism is merely a less odious

name for Communism, and the only alternative to our present social state is some communistic scheme. This apprehension is, however, unfounded. Communism has been the dream of the philosopher and the aspiration of the enthusiast, but it has never had any permanent charm for masses of men. A Fourier might elaborate a system of this kind with all the national love of detail, and the impulsive temperament of a Hawthorne might be fascinated for a time by the promise of an idyllic life in Brook Farm; but the unselfishness and self-restraint so obviously involved must make such an ideal generally unpopular. That property should be more equally distributed, that labour should be more highly rewarded, and the position of the labourer elevated in the social scale—these are aims very different from those of Communism and appeal to very different instincts. It is true there was a time when Communism appeared popular in England, and Robert Owen was regarded by thousands as the apostle of a new state of society. But this popularity was in no slight degree the result of the opposition which was so unwisely offered. When bishops in the House of Lords call on the Government to put down a movement, it is not astonishing that a corresponding fervour is excited on the other side; and under such circumstances this fervour is apt to become contagious. But the Government had the wisdom to let the agitation die a natural death. The palmy days of Harmony Hall were not long-lived. The Communist newspapers failed for want of adequate support, and Mr. Owen himself became discredited by his ill success. Were another Owen to preach similar doctrines in the present day it may be doubted whether he would succeed in finding many disciples. The practical character of the English mind is not likely to be attracted by such projects; and it is worth remarking that this national distinction was peculiarly evident in those international meetings of workmen which caused so much disquiet on the Continent. The fact is that a very considerable progress has been made in the last five-and-twenty years, and the cruel test of experience has demolished many a fair and specious fallacy. It must, however, be confessed that Socialism and Communism are identical in principle. Both concur in their opposition to individualism, that is, in their desire to restrict personal freedom with a view to what they deem the general good. It is only too obvious that in the mouths of most men the general good means in effect the predominance of the class to which they themselves belong.

The most definite programme put forth for the reorganisation of society is the Positivist programme; and the ability and zeal of the English adherents of M. Comte have attracted to it an attention which neither their numbers nor M. Comte's literary merits would otherwise have secured. This philosopher, when he was not squabbling with the professors at the École Polytechnique or with his wife, or engaged in sending out appeals for a subsidy to support his 'material existence,'

found time to explain the universe and to elaborate a scheme for the complete organisation of society. It is difficult to write of this scheme without appearing to caricature it, partly because it contains much that is really laughable, and partly because M. Comte chose to be so explicit on the minutest details. Its chief features are the splitting up of the great kingdoms of Europe into smaller portions, each of which is to be governed by a committee of bankers, held in moral control by a hierarchy of philosophers under the direction of a Pontiff of Humanity. The moral and scientific education to be universally given will solve the difficulties between labour and capital by teaching the labourer to regard his work as a social function, and the capitalist to consider that he holds his wealth in trust for the general good. When this consummation is reached we shall all lead a blissful existence, adoring humanity through the persons of our female relatives with regulated effusions of affection, and practising symbolical gestures which in this period of transition are mainly confined to the inmates of Bedlam.

Now if M. Comte had possessed the literary power of Plato, instead of writing in the most arid and dreary of styles, those who now cover him with obloquy would admit that at any rate his work was a noble Utopia. There is nothing in it so repulsive as more than one passage which might be pointed out in the 'Republic,' and the spirit of morality it breathes throughout is of the most elevated and noble kind—the spirit of perfect unselfishness. It contains, moreover, abundance of deep and striking thoughts, which have exercised a wide though often unacknowledged influence ever since. For example, his criticism on Communism is sound and exhaustive, and written too in a temperate spirit which contrasts strangely with the language about each other employed by so many rival French Socialists. The conclusion at which he arrives, certainly, is not new, but as old as Aristotle. It is that the institution of private property is to be preserved, but with the spirit of Communism. Thus he constantly repeats that such problems as that of the right relation between labour and capital can only admit of a moral solution; and the main object of his 'Système de Politique Positive' is to show how a continuous moral training and discipline lasting through life will effect the desired end. Unfortunately we are landed in a somewhat perplexing dilemma. Either the moral agencies must precede or follow. But the moral agencies requisite to maintain such a state of society as that contemplated by M. Comte can, according to his own showing, be created only by a discipline which presupposes such a state. We are to settle our social questions by all becoming unselfish; but how are we to become unselfish? By submitting all your life to the moral training I have prescribed, is the answer of M. Comte. He, however, is not affected by this difficulty, as he firmly believed that Western Europe was naturally and in the

course of things advancing towards the Positivist system—a belief which in the present day it is somewhat difficult to entertain.

Most of us have been present at one of those scientific lectures, the educational value of which, as every admirer of useful knowledge is aware, is so far superior to that of the Latin grammar. And most of us can recollect how the lecturer used to inform us solemnly that the combination of two mysterious substances with singular names would be attended with an explosion; and lo! there was no sound; or with combustion and a brilliant light; and lo! there was no light, but only a disagreeable smell. When this took place, which on an average it did in three experiments out of five, the lecturer, if he was a wise man, used to carry it off by jauntily proceeding to his next illustration just as if he had met with an unexpectedly successful confirmation of his argument. But many lecturers were not so adroit, and betrayed their discomfiture by the tart tones in which they reproved the assistant, as if it was his fault that hydrogen gas has not the odour of violets. It is much the same with philosophers when they have propounded an elaborate theory, and then, before a tittering world, the obstinate facts refuse to fall in with it. Some of them are not in the least disconcerted, but airily proceed to construct another theory, to be refuted and abandoned like the last. But others take the failure more to heart, and show it by exchanging their previous bearing of calm confidence for one of bitterness and aggression. It is perhaps owing to the fact that the world has gone on in its own way, without seeming at all inclined to submit itself to the Positivist *régime*, that an altered tone has manifested itself among the disciples of M. Comte. It was moral influence, and that only, to which M. Comte looked for the establishment of his system. For women and workmen he conceived his doctrines to possess a peculiar fascination. And when they were won over, the rest would be easy. The sweet appeals of Positivist women and the untutored but glowing eloquence of Positivist artisans would surely subdue the prejudices of the narrow capitalist and the inflated savant. The disciples of M. Comte appear to have learnt that moral influence is at best uncommonly slow in its action, and somehow or other is much more efficacious when it has physical force at its back. Thus they occasionally employ a warning language which is remarkably like a menace. We are reminded of the 'days of June,' and it is hinted that a very disagreeable fate is in store for 'recalcitrant elements.' That this would be the case may well be believed, if their advice were adopted, and representative government exchanged for a dictatorship, carrying out (*bien entendu*) the Positivist views. The argument offered to prove the inadequacy of parliamentary government, and the necessity of a dictatorship, is that the period through which we are passing is one of transition. This is a phrase which is constantly employed concerning the present age, even by writers of a different school; but it is difficult to see what is its exact force. Every

age is an age of transition. The world never stands still. The thirteenth century itself was an age of transition. Even in China some change is always going on in government, in manners, in religion. It is true that in certain periods change is more rapid than in others, but there is no reason to suppose it pre-eminently rapid at present. There are many decades in the history of England the beginning and end of which present a far more striking contrast than 1860 compared with 1870. If every age of transition is to be doomed to a dictatorship, political freedom may be dismissed as a meaningless phrase.

It is as the apologists of trade-unions that the English Positivists are perhaps best known; and in this they have performed a real service. There can be no doubt that, in spite of the Sheffield disclosures, trade-unionism is now better appreciated than was the case a few years ago: and this is, in no slight degree, owing to writers more or less identified with the school of M. Comte. But however necessary it may be that the tacit or avowed combination of masters which always exists should be met by a corresponding combination of the men, and however true it may be that trade-unionism both raises wages and renders them less fluctuating, it is plainly but a partial solution of our social difficulties. If a trade is overcrowded with workmen, their average income must fall. But if, as in some trade-unions has been the case, this danger is guarded against by limiting the number of apprentices, it is obvious that the gain to the trade is at the expense of the persons thus shut out. Thus trade-unionism does nothing, and can do nothing, to assist that vast mass of wretchedness and pauperism which is now our disgrace and may some day become our danger. In Paris, men say, when a revolution is in the air strange and sinister forms, of scarcely human aspect, arise from their secret abodes of misery and crime and stalk abroad through the streets, the ghastly harbingers of coming evil. In London our dangerous classes are by no means picturesque. But what they want in personal appearance is fully compensated by their number. And besides the criminals, there are the tens of thousands of hereditary paupers, and, most of all to be pitied, those who lead a hard and struggling life on the borderland of pauperism. For all these trade-unionism can do nothing. Nor can any permanent amelioration of their condition be hoped for from the various specifics which just now find favour, such as the cultivation of waste lands or emigration. Against all such expectations the law of population rises up stern and immutable, and shows but too clearly that such measures can have only a temporary efficacy, and are mere palliatives of a far more deeply-seated disease.

M. Comte rejected political economy and ignored the law of population; and there are plenty of people to this day who believe that this science is a mere gospel of selfishness, repulsive to the philanthropist and abominable in the eyes of the Christian. Yet political economy contains considerations on social problems which it is dangerous to neglect,

and on which an increasing number of Socialists depend for the re-organisation of society. There is, however, an objection which deserves to be noticed. It is urged that political economy is after all merely an hypothetical science. That it is based on the supposition that men are governed by purely selfish motives, and invariably buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; and that if, by religious, moral, or other agencies, this foundation be shaken, the whole superstructure falls to the ground. So far as relates to those parts of political economy which treat of the distribution of property and of exchange this is true; though how far it invalidates their practical importance is another question, which it is beyond the purpose of this paper to discuss. But there are nevertheless in that part which treats of production certain principles which in no degree depend on this or any other postulate, but are as universally valid as a proposition of Euclid. Such is the law that the division of labour increases its efficiency, and such too is the principle of population as enunciated by Mr. Malthus.

Mr. Malthus's 'Essay on Population' is one of those books which have met with violent abuse, especially from people who have not read them. To hear the language often employed about this work and about its author one would never suppose that it is a calm scientific enquiry by a philanthropic clergyman. But if it has met with much unreasoning obloquy, its merits also have been generally recognised by those most competent to judge. It is not too much to say that it is the most interesting and suggestive book on any question of social science ever written, and has certainly not been superseded by anything which has appeared since. Mr. Malthus first demonstrates that whereas the tendency of population is to increase in a geometrical ratio, the increase of the means of subsistence can be only in an arithmetical ratio; and that this tendency on the part of population is restrained either by the preventive or prudential check, or by the positive checks of vice and misery. He then proceeds to illustrate this principle by a survey of the various nations of mankind, in which he points out in what forms these several checks on population have acted. It is obvious that where one of them is not employed, its part must be filled by another, and if large classes are so imprudent as to marry without adequate means to support a family, misery must be the inevitable result.

The Malthusian doctrine is incontrovertible; it is indeed only a special application of that universal law which the speculations of Mr. Darwin have brought so vividly before us. The population theory is nothing more or less than the statement of that 'struggle for existence' which reigns among human beings, as in every other sphere of nature. But while this doctrine is fully able to discredit those schemes of organisation which fail to take it into account, it has as yet proved totally insufficient for basing on it a solid social system. It is indeed

the keystone of those who look to political economy for the suppression of pauperism and the elevation of the working classes. Unfortunately, however, these philosophers exhibit the most complete ignorance of human nature. They write in the quixotic anticipation of a time when men shall cease to be men, and women to be women. No doubt it is possible to point to periods in which religious enthusiasm has had this influence, and that over no small number. But of one thing we may be quite sure, no demonstration appealing to the cold reason, however scientifically it may be deduced, can restrain the passions of the multitude. Such an event as this would be without precedent in history, and totally opposed to the whole habit of thought and action among men.

Religious enthusiasm, as was just said, has exercised this influence, and it forms one of the most curious chapters in the history of human nature. Religious enthusiasm could win men over to abandon all fond dreams of mutual love, all hopes of a happy home and the sweet ties of family life. It could overcome the hot passions that pulse in the veins of youth, and even that mysterious yearning for maternity which dwells in the inmost heart of a young girl, and seems to survive in the most abandoned women as the last imperishable relic of the purity that has long been lost. But why? Because for the play of one passion was offered that of another. Because for human love was substituted a spiritual love, more blind and unreasoning than any earthly passion. And as the ascetic reaction became spent and human nature was once more asserting its sway, new attractions were found to win men and women to the so-called religious life. An anthropomorphic religion was set before them, adoration was merged in an enthusiastic passion, and with all the aids that painting and music and eloquence could afford the sentiments of human love were directed to Christ, to the Virgin mother, or to some favourite saint. Even in early times this tendency may be observed. St. Augustine, as he tells us in his 'Confessions,' was reclaimed from a life of pleasure. But even in the saint who sternly devoted the souls of unbaptised children to eternal damnation the hot African blood may still be recognised; and he addresses the Deity with the rapturous effusion of a lover addressing the earthly object of his love. How this tendency of human nature has been turned to account in modern times is well known to all who have directed their attention to the inner working of all revival religions, both Ultramontane and Protestant.

What have the Malthusians to offer analogous to this? What rapturous ecstasy can they promise in exchange for the emotions they bid us repress? Yet it is clear that mere scientific reasonings are here of little avail. Some persons there are, no doubt, cold by temperament and calculating by habit, who guide their lives by the 'dry light' of the understanding; but such can never be the conduct of the masses. The doctrine of Mr. Malthus is incontrovertible; but it is as

little likely to restrain the natural impulses of mankind as is the binomial theorem.

Indeed, there is a perfectly effectual answer to the Malthusians. The agricultural labourer whom they so complacently advise to remain unmarried till late in life may very fairly ask what commensurate benefit he would thereby obtain. Leading a hard and cheerless life, with insufficient food and a miserable habitation, without intellectual or æsthetic pleasures, and with no society but that of the tap-room, the one solace he has left to him, the one thing in which he is on a level with the squire at the manor-house and the parson at the rectory, is that for him too exist the ties of home, the love of wife and children. The few shillings extra a week he might gain by following such advice would be but a poor return for the sacrifice of all that makes life to him worth having. It is in a great measure from this point of view that political economy has fallen into discredit among so many gushing philanthropists, and that its professors have been accused of cruelty and heartlessness. Never was an imputation less deserved. It is unpractical benevolence, not heartlessness, of which they are really guilty.

It is not intended here to dwell on those vagaries with which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has familiarised the British public; but it is impossible to close this paper without indicating that one of the chief aims of socialistic aspiration is the improvement of the position of women. Nor are the signs here more encouraging. The women themselves for the most part, and not without reason, seem very contented as they are: and each school of Socialists offers a different solution. The Malthusian reverses the dictum of Napoleon, and esteems her the best woman who has the smallest number of children. Most economical Socialists belong to the Woman's Rights party, and many of them would assimilate marriage to other contracts, and render it terminable by the consent of the parties. Certainly the absence of a family would greatly simplify the case. On the other hand, a distinguished Comtist appeals to men, and above all to women, 'whether political equality, industrial rivalry, and facilitated divorce are likely to increase the charm, to heighten the delicacy of woman's relations to man.' Far from opening active life to women, the Positivist would have their support assured to them without the necessity of labour: and far from relaxing the marriage tie, each sex is condemned in case of the consort's death to a perpetual widowhood. The present census will perhaps show how likely people are to submit to such a restriction.

It is impossible to think without pain of these lofty aspirations, and these enthusiasms often so pure and generous, and to see how far they are from accomplishment. It is nearly a century since liberty, equality, and fraternity were proclaimed, and how little of either has there been during that time in the land which proclaimed them. Even twenty years ago it was thought, not only by Idealists but by practical men,

that the era of wars was over. And now the ground is hardly yet dry from the blood of the fallen in a great war. The establishment of peasant proprietors was deemed one of the best results of the great French Revolution. Yet this has ended in producing the most bigoted and unpatriotic population in existence, led by the priests, eager for despotism, and opposed to every form of progress; a population more dangerous to the higher ends of civilisation than the dreaded Reds of the great cities.

The Universal Republic is but a dream, and those hopes of narrower scope which come more home to us, of alleviating the misery and ending the poverty and destitution in our midst, seem equally far from fulfilment. No socialist philosophy that has yet been propounded gives any assurance of a time when the words will be inapplicable which were spoken by one claimed as the first *sans-culotte*: 'The poor ye have always with you.'

H. E. P. PLATT.

THE AUTO DA FÉ.

I BEND o'er the flame as it burns,
And feel its hot pitiless breath;
I ponder each word as it turns
From life into meaningless death.
And e'en as I gaze at the glare,
Now flickering faintly, now fast,
I read by the light of despair
The joy of the hope that is past.

Time was when each word that they spoke,
Those letters so often read o'er,
Old fancies and longings awoke
By magic that soothed them before.
From books I would eagerly turn
To gloat o'er those falsely fair signs,
For all that I once cared to learn
I found in these fast fading lines.

In ashes before me they lie;
The flame that destroyed them burns low:
Ah! would but their memory die
And cease with these embers to glow!
All dark! yet I feel that they live;
My prayer with no answer has met.
'Tis easy for love to forgive,
But oh, it can never forget.

ERNEST A. BENDALL.

JACKSON OF PAUL'S.

PART II.

CHARLES was very anxious about his father's reception of him, but there was no necessity for his anxiety at all; the College Dean's letter had gone before him. The College Dean's letter was so like himself that I give it:

'Don't scold this boy, it won't do. There is a woman in the case. Make him read with you: be kind to him, he is a splendid fellow.'

I do not suppose that there was much need for this letter, but it had some effect, for the Dean of Crediton could scarcely have been well pleased at having his son rusticated. When Charles got out of his fly at the door of the Deanery, the Dean kissed him on both cheeks and said, 'You young Gaby, what on earth did you want to make a bonfire in quad for? My dear lad, I will tell you the honest truth, I did the same thing in that very same college in 1806, but that was a political bonfire. I pointed out to the dons that we burnt Buonaparte in effigy after Austerlitz. You should have burnt the Emperor Nicholas in effigy, and you would only have been gated for two days.'

Charles's mother, further than saying to the Dean that she had told the Dean what would occur if he went to that college, never more alluded to the matter, and so Charles was perfectly comfortable at home. His father and he had a long talk, and they agreed that this disaster would ruin all chances of his getting a first. 'You see, my boy, that hard as you read with me I am past the age. I *do not know* the new art of cram, but let you and I go to the bottom of things. I am better in mathematics than in classics, and we will go in together on good sound solid *work*. I have such faith in the old University (never use that horrid word 'varsity, my lad; don't vulgarise the old place) that I feel sure some men are left there who will recognise it in the schools.'

Father and son sat down to their labour of love in the old cathedral close. The Dean was rector of one of the parishes in the town, but he took an additional curate, and explained the matter to the Bishop. 'I am teaching my son, my lord,' he said. 'The poor in my parish are excellently tended, and shall suffer no harm in any way.'

'Your son got into a scrape, did he not, Mr. Dean?' said the Bishop.

'Yes, my lord, and I want to get him out of it.'

'Money?' said the Bishop in an indifferently enquiring way, spinning his eyeglass round and round.

'No, my lord, a woman,' said the Dean.

'Hey, hey!' said the Bishop, 'that's bad—that is a very sad pity indeed. The world looks lightly on a young man who has gone wrong with his money, particularly when there is a rich father to pay, but the world looks askance when there is a woman in the case. Has he married her?'

'The mischief is that she won't marry him,' said the Dean.

'Some previous tenderness, I suppose,' said the Bishop. 'Is the young woman of the lower class?'

'My lord,' said the Dean, 'you are labouring under a mistake. The young lady in question is Lady Edith Deverest.'

The Bishop gave a great start.

'She has refused him and he is desperate, my lord,' continued the Dean.

'Oh, this will do, Dean. This will make a man of him, if we guide things rightly. Bring the boy to dinner at the palace. He is rusticated, is he not? What did he do?'

'Made a bonfire in quad after the fours.'

'Which he won, I remember,' said the Bishop with a somewhat guilty look. 'I rather think that he is not the first member of his family who did that.'

'He is not, my lord,' said the Dean roundly. 'I remember a ladder which was used in getting into college when some people forgot the hour at Christ Ch——'

'Not another word, Dean; not another word. You said ladder, I think; bring your boy up the ladder of learning, and do not remember everything, because one man's memory is quite as good as another's. Keep the lad to his books, and we will see him through if he were to burn the college down. That young man Dickson is ill again, and we shall lose the best tenor in the anthem this afternoon, and I fear for ever. Choristers never make good tenors, so I never asked for a note out of that young man's head in church till he was eighteen. He was Mrs. Bishop's pad groom, and foster-brother with my eldest boy, but he will die, Dean. With regard to your boy, keep him to his books. Dean.'

'My lord.'

'Bring your lad to see young Dickson after service. Let him see him in his bed; it will sober him.'

'Is he very ill?' said the Dean.

'He will never sing any more,' said the Bishop with a sigh.

The Dean did not go to evensong that afternoon. He took Charles to see the young singer who was dying.

The Dean left Charles entirely to himself, and sat in a corner talking to the young man's mother. The Bishop was perfectly right, for even Charles could see that the young man would sing no more except in heaven. Charles did not know the meaning of those thin grasping fingers—fingers which seem always trying to grip the shore of time to avoid the sea of eternity. Charles had never seen death, had never seen a dying person. The young man asked him in a rattling whisper to raise him up: Charles did so, getting his body behind the young man's: and he sat so patiently for a quarter of an hour, with the young man's hand in his. The young man did not speak after a few moments, and when he did he asked Charles to kiss him. Strange as it was to his habits he did so. Almost immediately after came that strange quiver which no man used to hospitals ever forgets, and then the young man rolled off Charles's arm into the bed—dead!

Though he had never seen death before, he knew what had happened, and he called his father. The Dean closed the eyes before the wailing mother, but he did not wait to catch the Bishop as he came out from evensong; he stayed with his son to watch what the first effects of the sight of death would have on him.

'Father, I have had a great lesson,' said Charles. 'Death looks beautiful like that. I wish that Edith had been there with us. Let us go home to our books.'

The Dean gave up his son's logic as hopeless after this, and considered him as ruined in that respect. But then it must be remembered that the Dean had not fallen in love for five-and-twenty years (when he courted Mrs. Dean), and that logic and love do not go together. Still there are measures in affairs, and the Dean could by no means understand why Charles Jackson should have wished Lady Edith to have been with him at the death of this young man. Perhaps he had forgotten that the highest and purest form of sentimentalism crops up over a death-bed: almost as if the dead clay cried to Heaven for reproduction. A conceit—*cela va sans dire*. I have only to say that the Dean and Charles went away to their books.

Father and son worked away, and day by day the father saw that, great as his scholarship was, he was not up to the time; he had to call up a lean young Minor Canon to their assistance, and after that they got on much better; but the three worked like horses, and made pretty good weather of it. The lean Minor Canon was eminently good at mathematics, having been educated at Cambridge, where he had been fifteenth wrangler, and had been glad to take a minor canonry with 250*l.* a year, and a wild chance of mathematical teaching. The Dean's classics were unimpeachable, and so Charles was not so very badly off; but the hopes of a first were extremely dim. 'In fact,' said the Dean to himself, 'the idea is impossible: the loss of these two

terms has ruined us utterly. I wish Lady Edith was at the bottom of the Red Sea. I wonder if he thinks of her.'

The way that those three sat hour after hour and inked themselves was a great 'caution,' as an American would say. Sometimes they read the newspaper (the 'Evening Mail' three times a week), and they became gradually aware that a great European war was on hand, and that the allied troops had landed in the Crimea.

But what does all this matter unto me,
Whose mind is filled with indices and surds,

$$X^2 + 7x + 53$$

$$= \frac{11}{3},$$

as Lewis Carroll sings in 'Phantasmagoria.'

Charles began now to take great interest in the war, a far greater interest than his father and the Minor Canon liked. Mr. Dean happened to speak to my lord bishop on the subject.

'My boy is not going on well, Bishop,' said the Dean.

'What is he doing *now*?' said the Bishop.

'Reading the newspaper about the war.'

'That is not unnatural,' replied the Bishop, 'seeing that his sweetheart's brother landed in the Crimea a fortnight ago.'

'It plays mischief with his work. His tutor says that he wishes me to stop the paper altogether.'

'Your tutor is no better than one deprived of understanding,' said the Bishop angrily. 'You must not make a fool of the boy; you should excite him about the war, he will work the better. Man, how I worked in the Waterloo year when I thought that Laura would have had Petre sooner than me. I said to myself, if she cannot have one kind of honour laid at her feet she shall have another. Petre was killed at Mont. St. Jean. Atterly has gone with his regiment, has he not?'

'Yes.'

'That is against your boy's chance. All the women will be mad over the men of this campaign. Ha! I could tell you something if I chose.'

'Well, tell it.'

'Lady Edith would be very sorry if anything were to happen to Atterly, but I am not at all sure that she would break her heart.'

'Does she not love him?' said the Dean in a whisper.

'My dear soul, how can I possibly tell?' said the Bishop petulantly.

'Leave things alone and don't fuss. Will you intone Litany to-morrow morning? I wish you would. Your continual attention to this boy of yours makes people talk. You are neglecting the services, you very scandalous man.'

The Dean intoned the Litany the very next day (it being Friday), perfectly unconscious that a litany of quite another character had been previously intoned. In those days intelligence did not travel as

fast as it does now, and the Dean was totally unaware that the Guards had, before he sang a note, pressed up the hill beyond the Alma above the stream, had never gone back under the deadly fire of the glorious Russians, but had gone on. The Dean had no idea, I say, of what *had* happened, but had some kind of idea of what *might have* happened. When he came to the most affecting passage in the most beautiful service used by any Church he began to waver. He was a man worthy of *feeling* the Litany: and he began to waver at this point, though he had been singing splendidly before:

'That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water;' and here he suddenly thought of Lord Edward Devereux. He got through the passage about women labouring with child, sick persons, and young children, but when he came to 'all prisoners and captives,' the organ went on, but the Dean stopped: and a very sharp chorister says that he never took up the intoning until he came to 'our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers,' and that the rain must have been coming in through the north window, for that the Dean's book was spotted with water. Well, after all it was only his own boy's boy-love—the boy dearest to his son after that boy's sister—who might be prisoner or worse. A man may surely be allowed a tear over his prayer-book, when one of those who is dearest to his own dearest is likely to be lying dead.

'Why did you stop in Litany this afternoon, father?' said Charles.

'I thought of Edward, my dear,' said the Dean wearily.

'Father, let me go as war correspondent or something. I shall go mad like this.'

'No,' said the Dean most emphatically, 'you will stay where you are. You could do not the slightest good to the country. You must stay here and keep to your books. Do you think that all victories are won by war? You shall go to the next one, but you shall not go to this.'

'But Edward?'

'How in the name of confusion could you help Edward if you did go?'

This was unanswerable, because there did not happen to be any answer to it. The Dean, the Minor Canon, and Charles sat down to their books again; but the Minor Canon had a heap of trouble with Charles, who began to give him theorems in mathematics which, as the Minor Canon pointed out with tears to the Dean, travelled out of mathematics altogether and went into the region of logic and ethics. They were, as he pointed out, hopeless:

x = population of Russia

y = population of England

therefore $x = 60,000,000$

and $y = 30,000,000$.

Annual increase of Russia (say) 10,000, annual increase of England

(say) 40,000. Wanted the relative powers of fighting, that is to say, the exact value of the difference between x and y .

The Dean was very angry at this particular theorem, and consoled the Minor Canon by telling him that there had not been lunacy in the family since his grandfather had voted for Fox.

The classics of Charles were very good, and they were all working away at the mathematics, in the intervals of their talking about the war, which even the Minor Canon began to understand, when they had a very rude awakening.

There came a day in Charles's life when 'surds' by no means rhymed with 'eleven-thirds.' Charles and the Minor Canon were alone together at some advanced mathematics when the Dean came in and put his hand round his son's neck.

'Charles,' he said, 'I want your attention. There has been a great battle—the battle of the Alma.'

'Have the Grenadiers been engaged?' shouted Charles.

'Yes.'

'Is Edward mentioned?'

'Yes. Sit down and listen; I am only reading you the telegram from the daily paper:

"Young Arbuthnot ran on with the colours, and fell at once, the flag folding over his body. There was a struggle for the colours, in which Lord Edward Deverest and Lord Atterly took part, and I regret to say were both killed. Lord Edward Deverest fought to the last, using a gun rammer with terrible effect after his sword was broken. Lord Atterly like Lord Edward Deverest was killed by a close musketry fire with the old round ball. When I got up I thought that Lord Edward Deverest was alive, for he looked so very quiet, and was smiling, but he was quite dead. Lord Atterly lay with his face downwards, and so I could not see it."

Charles rose and said, 'Edward! Edward! Edward!' Then he broke out into a passion of tears and said, 'That I should be floundering here among these mathematics while my-love lies dead.'

'Go to her,' said the Dean furiously. 'Go to her, if you are a son of mine; leave your studies for a week and go to her. She loves only three in the world—yourself, Edward, and Atterly. I doubt if she cared much for Atterly. I say nothing about that; she may have loved the man or she may not. Eyre has been a fool about Atterly. I would have settled as much on the girl as Atterly; it was only the title which kicked the balance. Go to her; there is nothing wrong between you at all, but Eyre wanted her to marry into her own order, and the brave girl gave up everything to her father's will. Go to her, boy. Two of those she loved have died bravely: go to her at once and comfort her. I don't know what her relations were to Atterly, but do not make love to her; speak only about her brother, and if Lord Eyre asks any questions, tell him that I will give you 40,000*l.* on the

day you are married. Nay, stop, do not do that: he is a gentleman and I am a gentleman; just simply go to her and see how she will receive you.'

'I want to see Edith, my lord,' said Charles when he was shown into his presence.

'My boy, it is a sad time,' said Lord Eyre.

'The better reason that I should go to her, my lord.'

'God knows she wants comforting,' said Lord Eyre. 'Do you know, lad, that the matter between her and Atterly came to nothing at all. That is why Atterly went with his regiment. Go to her and comfort her. Come here.'

Charles, awed, went to him.

'Did you love him as you said?'

'I only loved her through him,' said Charles very quietly. 'I loved him before I ever loved her. My darling lies out on the Crimean hill-side, but his sister lives, and loves me as I loved him.'

'He was your Xenos,' said Lord Eyre bending his head down.

'He was more than any Xenos to me, my lord: and if you will let me go to her I will be more than a husband to her.'

'I urged her about Atterly,' said Lord Eyre.

'You have no reason to urge her about me, my lord. I knew that you wanted money brought into the family—I can bring it. Now, my lord, quick, and let me go to her.'

He went to her. What passed I do not know in any way, for the simple reason that lovers are not in the habit of telling their secrets before third parties. I could tell a secret or two myself perhaps, but it would not go into evidence, because no jury will convict without three witnesses, and the third is always wanting in cases of this kind. It is quite enough to say that Charles returned to Lord Eyre and informed him that as far as Lady Edith was concerned there was no trouble whatever.

'Then all you have got to do,' said Lord Eyre, 'is to get a fine degree. I don't mind leaving my lassie with you now. I want to be buried in Oxford, and I have left the money for a funeral sermon.'

'Do not talk of funerals, my lord.'

'Here it is,' said Lord Eyre. 'Edward, sweetheart, love, I will be with you directly!' and Lord Eyre fell heavily back on the sofa.

Charles was eager and diligent with him: you may be as eager and as diligent with a man as you choose, but after he is dead you can do nothing with him.

Charles went very quietly back to Edith after he had arranged everything. It was a terrible moment.

'Edith!'

'Has he given his consent?'

'Yes.'

'Then you can stay and comfort me, for my darling Edward. Oh, my darling Edward! Oh, my pretty darling! And poor Atterly, Charles; he was rough and rude, but he loved me dearly. Charles, when we go to church, let us say a prayer together for the souls of Edward and Atterly. It is very wrong, I know, but God will not be very angry. Let us go to papa and comfort him. Oh, my beloved, let us weep together, for we can never rejoice any more!'

'Edith!'

'Yes.'

'Can you bear any more?'

'I do not think so. Come closer to me. I think that I can bear anything with you.'

'Your father is dead.'

There was a burst of tears and then a long silence. The last words she said to him were:

'I'll go to my old nurse, Charles. How kind it would be of God if He would let us all die and meet in heaven!'

The terrible catastrophe of the deaths of her brother and her father following so closely on one another made her refuse the visits of Charles. He went back to the Dean his father, the Minor Canon his tutor, and to his studies.

'Father,' he said once, 'I feel like a brute.'

'And in what?' said the Dean.

'I have been living the life of a brute here while our boys have been dying in the Crimea.'

'If we are all to go fighting,' said the Dean, 'let me know, and I will go into training at once. You will do far better for *her* if you can get a second than if you went fighting.'

Very little passed between Charles and Lady Edith after this. She was relegated to an aged aunt, who was also a dragon, and Charles saw very little of her, except, as one might say, through the wrong end of a telescope. This pleased the Dean his father very much, and it also pleased the dean of his college. The Dean of Crediton about this time was made Fellow of All Souls, and came into residence, bringing with him the Minor Canon as mathematical tutor to his son, a measure which gave the deepest offence to the College Dean. All kinds of reports have got out about that dinner (I mean of course the celebrated dinner in Paul's common room to the Dean of Crediton). The hall was under repair, and they dined in common room, and the scouts say that the Dean of College called the Dean of Crediton no better than a fool for thinking that his son would be a first. The Dean of Crediton is represented as replying with considerable vivacity, a fact which heated the quarrel. The College Dean went so far as to say that it was an insult to the University to bring a Cambridge man up as coach. But this is only what we heard through the scouts. As for the noise they made over that dinner I can answer with a dozen others.

If *we* had made half such a row there would have been half a dozen gated for the rest of term. I heard them, and so did O'Flaherty and Jack Croft; and the devil prompted Jack Croft to bet O'Flaherty two pounds sterling that he would not go into the common room and ask if the college was on fire. Which thing O'Flaherty instantaneously did, winning his two pounds and getting gated at four o'clock for the rest of his ill-spent life.

It is very odd about this fantastic young gentleman that he got an uncommonly good second, and is carrying everything before him at the bar. We have not to do with O'Flaherty however. The captain passed and was ordained before Charles's turn came. Livingstone the American, though only third in classics, was first in physical science. But now came the autumn in which Charles was to stand or fall. And it was noticed that the Dean his father got more proud as time went on, came more to Oxford, and fought the College Dean in the most persistent manner. Nobody ever got the best of the College Dean yet (at least I never did), but if ever the College Dean met his match he met it in the Dean of Crediton.

The examinations came on, and folks talked about them; there were three or four certain firsts, beyond that all was chaos. Jackson was mentioned as a man who might have had a first, but he had been sent down for a row, he had been disappointed about a woman, and her brother had been killed in the Crimea, and her father had died in a fit. Jackson had no chance among undergraduates. He would do well in his classics possibly, and might get a third.

The Dean chose to satisfy himself, and when he went to the schools and heard his boy's name read out the first time he was not very much surprised. He went back to the hotel and said, 'You have got your first, my lad.' And there were great rejoicings. But the old Dean stayed up for the mathematical class list, and if you will believe me the Minor Canon had done his duty so well that Charles Jackson was first in mathematics too. A Paul's man says that the Dean put down his shovel hat and danced on it, but Paul's men in the good old days were always poking fun, and were never lower than fourth on the river. Let it pass. Charles was a double first.

Did he marry Lady Edith? I suppose he did, because in the visitor's book at Balaclava you will find the name of Charles Jackson and Lady Edith Jackson side by side. He is an eminent Q.C. and will be a judge before long. The calumny of his having ornamented the statue in the quadrangle of St. Paul's with a wash-hand basin and daffodils on Easter Monday is a pure fiction which has been traced to *another* quarter.

So sadness passes into laughter. He had loved the boy so dearly that he had a double love for his sister. There is no cloud between them. Sometimes in the winter's night he will awake and say to her, 'Edward must be lying cold to-night.' And sometimes when they are

walking together in spring time she will say to him, 'I wonder how brave the irises look on Edward's grave.' And there, if you please, is the whole of my little romance. He loved the brother with the love of a boy, and now he loves the sister with the love of a man.

As for the Dean, Charles's father, he is living an entirely new life. It is told of him that in old times he fought 'Abingdon Bill.' But that was nothing to his present pugnacity. He is fighting Purchas, Voysey, Liddon, and O'Neil all at once. He says that he has beaten Dean Stanley, and not only Stanley, but the whole of the Evangelical party. He may have, or on the other hand he may not; but put it how you will, Dean Jackson is a good man, and the world would be worse without him. There is one man, however, whom he will never beat, and that is the Dean of Paul's. Having heard that that inexorable man has taken a college living, my friend long Galton has put his name on the books again, and is going to take his masters.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. ROSE'S DIARY.

(AFTER JOHN LEECH.)

'At Brighton, just a year ago,
As I was leaving *Maison MUTTON*,
My scarf got caught, it vexed me so!
On that tall Captain Rose's button.
I thought he'd think me too inane
And awkward, that September sunny;
And now September's come again,
And now we're married!—Aint it funny?'

FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

'I BELIEVE that the simple and uncombined landscape, if wrought out with due attention to the ideal beauty of the features it includes, will always be the most powerful in its appeal to the heart.' So says Mr. Ruskin in his preface to the second edition of the first volume of 'Modern Painters.' We heartily concur with Mr. Ruskin, and indeed after seeing Mr. Millais' 'Chill October' we cannot conceive that any one will have the effrontery to differ with him on this very important formula in Art. What were the materials necessary to form an ideal landscape, as recently as fifty years, and as far back as two centuries ago? They consisted frequently of a group of gracefully bending trees in the foreground with some mellow green in their foliage, and some mellow brown on their stems; a ruined temple appeared beyond the trees, grayish brown, with a suggestion of river or lake, grayish blue, more trees kindly grew in the middle distance, indicative of distant forest, bluish green, and then hey for the hills, and far away purple and blue. The sky was blue, and the blue spaces pleasantly broken by white clouds, warming somewhat in colour towards the horizon. For figures we had either a few nymphs in scant attire, or classical rustics playing the flageolet, or if the artist wished to take a very high flight, we were actually treated to a substantial angel with pink-edged wings. The net result of these various accessories to idealism was somewhat pleasing, in a feeble sort, and there was a peaceful *dolce far niente* look about the whole landscape, that hushed at once any critical remarks as to the true character of the trees, as to whether they were elms, or oaks, or beeches. What mattered it? They were trees, we could affirm this at least of them upon oath, and the eye was satisfied, or shall we say cajoled rather into acquiescence, and the enquiring spirit lazily laid to rest. This style of landscape work was not only submitted to, but advocated by both the painters and the public, until some thirty years ago a few strong-minded rationalists in Art (chiefly water-colour painters, by the way) began to think for themselves, and paint more variety of sky than plain blue, with its attendant white fleeces of clouds; early dawn was thought to have its charms for those who took the trouble to rise early enough, and the twilight hour was suggestive

of poetical feeling; it was found upon closer inspection that the oak, the elm, and the beech possessed some individuality of character, and that this same individuality, like the German 'Ich' of humanity, was worth studying. Thus a little more truth, and a little more freedom, and a little more variety stole gradually into their pictures, and now, thanks to Turner, the Old Water Colour Society, and the Pre-Raphaelites, we have some fine honest landscape painting, that not only *deserves* to live, but also *will* live, from its truthfulness as from its nobility of purpose. Certainly such a work as Mr. Millais' 'Chill October' (14) bears the character of 'simple and uncombined landscape,' and from its very power of simplicity appeals most strongly to the heart. What have we as representative of the title? A foreground of withered reeds, bending and swaying to the wind, an expanse of water silvery gray, with a space that shivers as the hurrying breeze passes o'er it. A gleam of light, that bursts from the 'under roof of doleful gray,' built up by the air, falls on the shivering water to kiss away the insults of the wind. A little tongue of land juts forth into the water, to the right, where, too, the influences of the wind are visible by the waving boughs and tossed foliage of the willows that rise somewhat darkly against the sky. Another wooded promontory is suggested in the middle distance, and the horizon is bounded by some low-lying hills of grayish blue; a severe distance as it were to harmonise with the severity of this 'Chill October' day, the sentiment of the cold un pitying wind, and the desolation of the withered reeds and forsaken foreground. But for the gleam of light that silvers the water, we should have felt that the artist somewhat cynically loved the keen wind and the dull gray sky; the ray of sunlight tells us of sympathy with warmth, and beauty, and summer hours.

That Mr. Millais, individually considered, should have painted this most striking landscape is not wonderful, inasmuch as he is capable of any amount of original work; but when placed in the category of figure painters, it certainly is very wonderful that one of the noblest landscapes in this or any year's Academy should have been contributed by a painter of the figure, for we contend that the cast of mind required to produce noble landscape is greatly different from that which aims at the production of noble figure subjects. The landscape mind is more purely contemplative, while the figure mind is rather creative and dramatic in its bent. Of Mr. Millais' scriptural subject, Aaron and Hur holding up the hands of Moses during the day of battle between the Amalekites and the children of Israel, we hesitate somewhat to speak, as, though the conception of the figure of Hur is wonderfully fine, yet we feel that those of the seated Moses and the standing Aaron lack sufficient individuality and force of character. The whole attitude of Hur expresses not merely physical, but moral force terribly alive and active. He holds the hand of Moses fiercely up, as it were defiantly of the Amalekites, and there is a kind of wild energy about

his face and form, as though matters were going somewhat hard with the children of Israel, and his whole powers were needed to assist in defeating the enemy.

Of the 'Somnambulist' by this same painter we would say that the moonlight effect is as true as it is charming, that the vacant, dreamful eyes of the sleep-walker are such as only Mr. Millais could have given them, but we protest with all our might against the brass candlestick and the embroidered night dress; the former is inharmonious, and the embroidery is incongruous with the station in life suggested by the candlestick. In other respects, this picture is full of sweet feeling.

If Homer could only be restored to life and be cured of his traditional blindness, how delighted he would be, we feel quite sure, with Mr. Leslie's charming painting of 'Nausicaa and her Maids' (1103). Nausicaa, the central figure of the group, is the very essence of tenderness and purity, with a certain aristocracy of bearing about her that half wins, half commands obedience and homage. She reminds us somewhat of a pale azalea, with petals gently flushed with pink. The attendant maidens are delicate and pure, but do not venture to outshine their radiant mistress. For the simple setting forth of female loveliness of face and form, for gracefully flowing draperies, for glancing sunlight on tree and rocky foreground, for harmony of result both artistic and intellectual, commend us to 'Nausicaa and her Maids' by Mr. G. D. Leslie. Leaving this sunny glimpse of classical wonderland, how sharp, striking, and painful is the contrast of Mr. Frith's painting of the 'Salon d'or, Homburg' (158). In the former work we have sunlight, beauty, health, purity, and happiness; in the latter we have a kind of artificial light, we have some doubtful beauty, we have indifferent health, most indifferent purity, and as for happiness, it is either so infinitesimal in quantity or dingy in character that the less said about it the better. Again, too, from the multiplicity of figures, the interests both dramatic and artistic are divided, so that we have a panorama rather than a picture, and a scenic procession rather than a life drama. Infinite pains have been taken, we doubt not, to study each character and the expression in each face, but there seems to be a separate light for each individual face, which thus disconnects it from the general lighting of the picture. Again Mr. Frith wishes to interest the spectator as powerfully in the figures of the background as he does in those of the immediate foreground, and thus the balancing of interests is lost. In the once celebrated 'Derby Day,' and 'Ramsgate Sands,' by this artist, we have the same crowding of canvass with excess of ill-balanced detail, and the same failure of dramatic purpose. Some of the most remarkable pictures painted in this nineteenth century contain a mere handful of figures, but the interest is concentrated, and the painted story is consequently better told. It seems quite a relief to escape from the close stifling air of the 'Salon d'or,' and to get a

peep of the 'English Channel, as seen from the Dorsetshire Cliffs,' in Mr. Brett's exquisite picture (522). We look from the cliffs, as Mr. Brett directs us, and yet no cliffs are seen, but the glorious sea stretches at our feet deep green with purple shadows, emerald green with faint tender green bordering on yellow in the light, each in harmoniously changing variation, as sunlight or shadow happens to fall on its gently undulating surface. The ἀνηρίθμον γέλασμα, the many twinkling smile of ocean is here, wave kissing wave, and sunlight gently betraying the secret of the sea. The upper regions of the sky are blue—that melting, almost mellow blue, that follows warm spring showers—in a lower stratum of sky, light, happy, fleecy, rounded cumuli rest lazily above the horizon, through whose masses the sunshine pours a rain of silver light, the light becoming a delicate haze as it nears the horizon, and thus helping to break, and soften, and clothe with mystery the long sea line of distance that spreads out before us. The painter has drawn one bold, strong, definite line on the horizon, but like an illumined electric rod its ends are lost in light. It is not saying too much when we affirm that the sea in calm has never been painted before as Mr. Brett has painted it; this is owing to the artist's intense love of his subject, and the most acute perceptiveness of its manifold beauties, and his original bent of mind that refuses to follow in the beaten track of orthodox sea painting, with its traditional paraphernalia of broken masts, rent canvass, tossing hulks, and drowning seamen. 'Chill October' and this 'Bristol Channel seen from the Dorsetshire Cliffs' ought to stop for ever the mouths of adverse critics as to the advisability of painting in the broad style or the finished style, as to the necessity of figures in landscape, or fishing smacks and men of war in sea-pieces. Here are two pictures, painted on entirely opposite principles, and entirely a different key of colour, and yet the results in both are grand from their very simplicity and their strong truth to Nature. Let us only be thankful that we have two such painters in our British School as the Academician, John Everett Millais, and the as yet undecorated-plain John Brett.

In 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis,' Mr. Leighton has shown us how to treat a subject bordering on the terrible with dignity, and to render details sometimes repulsive with refinement and beauty. He avoids the cheap clap-trap of vulgar horror, and shows us the dead beautiful in repose, without at once reminding us of the charnel-house. The painter has shown his art in merely suggesting the figure of Death, and throwing into strong relief the form of Hercules battling for the mastery with that stern wrestler, who, though once thrown, must ever win the last decisive fall. We have rather a sinewy than a muscular Hercules, with somewhat of the Apollo grace about the limbs; and this exchange of intellectual for sheer material force is happy in its suggestion, inasmuch as Hercules does not contend with a material foe on this occasion; and after all, were

not the hero's labours moral as well as physical triumphs, had not his heart been as mighty as his limbs, the myth that relates his difficulties and his triumphs would have been as uninteresting as it was uninteresting. The kneeling figure of a girl to the left of the picture, with upraised head and compassionate eyes, watchful of the contest, is a tender chord struck amidst the tumult of the encounter, a ray of life and love as it were in the house of mourning, darkened with the shadow of death. Unlike the members of the group immediately behind her, neither face nor attitude betoken fear for the battling Death, but rather sympathy with the earthly champion of Alcestis, and sorrow for her most dear mistress. The beauty of line and the beauty of colour that distinguish all Mr. Leighton's works are conspicuous in this classical subject, where, indeed, the artist shows himself most truly Greek in feeling, and we are most grateful to him for the glimpse of rolling cloud and deep blue sea, whose waves are uttering deep-toned symphonies for the illustrious dead.

For dramatic interest we have but to step a few paces to the left of Mr. Leighton's picture, and we shall find much to satisfy the eye and mind in M. Tadema's 'Roman Emperor, A.D. 51' (210). 'When the Prætorian soldiers had killed Caligula, his family, and the members of his household, they were afraid an emperor would be thrust on them by the Senate. To ascertain whether any of the Imperial family had not been forgotten, they returned to the palace the next day, and discovered Claudius hidden behind a curtain. They carried him off to their camp on Mount Aventium, and proclaimed him Emperor, to the bewilderment of all the world.' The artist has chosen the moment of Claudius's discovery behind the curtain for his incident, and has therefore centred the chief interest upon the lurking Claudius and the soldier who drags him to the light. The former stands semi-bewildered behind the curtain so suddenly drawn aside, half leaning, half falling back, with a strange expression on his face of mingled terror and surprise, and yet forced humour, as though he fain would smile away the falseness of his position, in spite of its shameful appearance; and this we think is a very subtle touch of nature on the artist's part, for the assumption of a forced smile is the not unfrequent accompaniment of great fear, when, indeed, the part of valour, or at least equanimity, has to be acted, and the spectators are somewhat critical. So Claudius smiles in a faint, cowardly, hypocritical fashion, and plays his sorry part as well as a remnant of Imperial degeneracy could play it in A.D. 41, the scene being laid in the palace of the Cæsars, Rome. We do not see the soldier's face who draws back the curtain, but we can divine the expression on it by the attitude of mock homage revealed by the figure. There is a grim satire in placing the marble bust of Cæsar just above the murdered bodies of his degenerate kinsmen. Though smeared with the blood of the fallen, the very marble seems to scorn the ignoble clay beneath it. The texture of the curtain,

and the rendering of polished marble surfaces, is all that could be desired; and the pale green drapery is a tender passage of colour from the olive green curtain, but there is a certain hardness of line observable in some of the figures of the group to the left. The friends of monarchy will almost turn with a song of thanksgiving to Mr. Calderon's picture of 'On her way to the Throne' (167); just as if it were only to remind the profane that there are such things as thrones, divine upholsteries as it were, and those who approach their sacred area must be somewhat more observant of respect towards the sitters on said thrones, than those graceless Prætorian guards, who were so utterly regardless of all forms of etiquette as to thrust their vulgar swords clean through the imperial mantle to the imperial heart. Yes, M. Tadema's is a lawless, revolutionary picture, and Mr. Calderon's is a gentlemanly, well ordered, courtly work, breathing the very essence of good manners, lavender water, violet powder, perfumed soap, cleanliness, and decorum. But we must take one liberty with the title as with the picture itself. 'On her way to the Throne' might imply the passing of royalty, whose august finger tips are to be kissed, or it might also imply the presence of some courtier on her road to kiss the finger tips of majesty. We shall prefer to take the latter interpretation, sanctioned as it is in our eyes by the conditions of the picture, and we read it thus: Two court footmen, who, by the way, ought to have enlisted in the Guards, pause for a moment before drawing back a curtain that divides the throne-room from the ante-chamber. Why do they pause? Because her ladyship's head-dress is receiving one final artistic touch from the hands of the barber in waiting, and because her ladyship's train is being given the last final adjustment by her stooping handmaiden. Her ladyship turns her head, evidently, we would say, to a mirror on the wall, to see that both head-dress and drapery are equal to the occasion, and possibly to give one look of triumph that shall be reflected back to Lady Mary, or Lady Alice, or Lady Frances who follow in her wake. But neither Lady Mary, Lady Alice, nor Lady Frances, show the slightest traces of defeat, or envy, or sympathy; one face certainly has a smile on it, but the other proud powdered beauties show no signs of emotion. The one expression that seems to reign supreme is that of absolute indifference to the dresses or beauty of their sister courtiers, and only a feeling of self-importance, self-sufficiency, self-adulation, is dominant in their breasts. *L'état c'est moi* seems to be hovering on their courtly lips. The humour of the barber is charming, but that such a radiant being as this young aristocrat should depend for perfection and presentability upon the resources of this snub-nosed barber's curling-tongs and greasy fingers would be monstrous were it not so true.

With this slight incident Mr. Calderon has accomplished great things, for we have genuine humour, excellent colour, and irreproachable rendering of textures. Some objection might be raised against this

almost too admirable painting of draperies and surfaces generally, but we have real living men and women beneath the shimmering silks and dull toned broad-cloth. Moreover had the artist treated silks, satins, and broad-cloth slightly, we should have found grievous fault with him, as their faithful rendering is essential to the subject matter. Does it not lie on the surface, this dexterous adjustment of a curl, this happy ordering of a fold? M. Gérôme seems evidently hampered with drapery; it is an obstacle to him, he cannot be 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in its decorous limits; nature with him must be nudity, and yet we prefer the almost appalling nudity of his slave girl, 'À Vendre' (1150), to the fashionable nakedness of some portraits that hang on the walls of this Academy. There is an honesty, as it were, about the slave girl's nakedness, as she stands there in the market, a dark, strong-limbed Eve, but—and here is the pathos of this picture—an Eve who is irrevocably doomed to dishonour. The jet black Abyssinian semi-nude sits careless of her fate, whilst a marvellous monkey, worthy of Landseer, squats huddling by her side, from the terms of the sale almost an acknowledged equal, the monkey and the negress evidently going together as one lot. The owner of these goods, a turbaned Turk, sits on a balcony placidly puffing at his hookah, with charming oriental *insouciance*. We are perfectly overwhelmed with the richness of colour that pervades the whole work; fullness is here and tremendous power, power of drawing, power of colour, power of thought. Some may argue that 'It is not a pleasing picture.' Granted, dear sir or madam, but power does not usually come with a smirk in its face or its hair in perfect order, and we do contend for M. Gérôme's picture, 'À Vendre,' that it is one of the most striking and powerful pieces of painting on the walls of this year's exhibition, in spite of its having been somewhat prudishly hustled into a corner. There are so many other fine works to be seen and noticed, that the passing comment of a line would be as invidious as it is unjust, and therefore to be silent will be to treat them with honour, and should space permit we may speak of them at some future time.

E. B. SHULDHAM, M.D.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE.

A SONG BY SHIEL DHUV.

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lassies have made me feel quare;
But there's no use denyin
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kinmare.

CHORUS.

O, where can her like be found?
Nowhere the counthry round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughther as thrue,
Sets in the reel
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
wittier,
purtier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine,
Neck and arm of the colleen complately eclipse;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants sthraight as Carn Tual,¹
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-swate lips.
O, where, &c.

¹ Carn Tual. The highest peak of Macgillicuddys Reeks, as seen from the town of Kenmare, presents a strong resemblance to a Grecian nose.

Did your eyes ever follow
 The wings of the swallow
 Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance,
 For if not ye've no notion
 Of the exquisite motion
 Of her swate little feet as they dart in the dance.
 O, where, &c.

If y'enquire why the nightingale
 Still shuns the invitin gale
 That wafts every song-bird but her to the wesht,
 Faix she knows, I suppose,
 Ould Kinmare has a Rose
 That would sing anny Bulbul to sleep in her nesht.
 O, where, &c.

When her voice gives the warnin
 For the milkin in the mornin
 Ev'n the cow known for hornin comes runnin to her pail;
 The lambs play about her
 And the small bonneens¹ snout her,
 Whilsht their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.
 O, where, &c.

Whin at noon from our labour
 We draw neighbour wid neighbour
 From the heat of the sun to the shilther of the tree,
 Wid spuds² fresh from the bilin
 And new milk you come smilin,
 All the boys' hearts beguillin, alanah machree!
 O, where, &c.

But there's one swater hour
 Whin the hot day is o'er
 And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
 And she sittin in the middle,
 Whin she's guessed Larry's riddle
 Cries, 'Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv.'
 O, where, &c.

¹ Young pigs.

² Potatoes.

MODERN ART-SCIENCE AND ART-CRITICISM: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

WHY did the philosophy of the beautiful and the philosophical study of art linger in their development so long that we find them in their infancy a hundred years ago? Why did the Middle Ages, with so much of intellectual activity, produce no system of æsthetics? Why are the great philosophies of the seventeenth century silent on this subject? Beauty is not a revelation for which the world was waiting until it was vouchsafed to the Scotch philosophers or to Kant. It was not our fathers or grandfathers who built the great cathedrals of Europe, spiritualising almost every important city from England to Italy by an abiding presence of beauty—the church, which from its purpose and character came nearest to men in hours when their hearts were most free from worldly cares, most open to impressions of solemn and serene loveliness. Why did the generations which have left us such lofty feelings of beauty never carry the subject into the region of the analytic understanding? The churches were the highest expression of the mediæval sense of beauty; the churchmen were the philosophical thinkers of the day; yet about beauty the philosophers are silent. In Italy painting under the patronage of ecclesiastics was exciting a deep interest as early as the thirteenth century. The gladness and triumph in the streets of Florence upon the completion of Cimabue's Madonna prove that the artistic emotions were already deep and popular. It cannot be said that the science of the beautiful had no external suggestion in philosophical literature. The writings of Plato and Aristotle were known at least through secondary sources. It was recorded by the great Father of the Western Church, Augustine, that he had written two or three books concerning the beautiful; these were lost during the author's lifetime; but throughout his writings hints are scattered, which indicate the nature of his theory. A line or two by Porphyry sufficed to originate a world of mediæval speculation,

to divide school against school, and before the controversy ended to array armies against one another combating not with syllogisms but swords, to the strange war-cries of nominalism and realism. Why could this question of the beautiful effect no entrance into the circle of scholastic thought, which at once opened to enclose a question in some respects so much less attractive—that of the nature of general ideas?

The answer is that scholasticism was essentially theological. The schoolmen were not disinterested students of mind. From their position the fruitful study of psychology as well as that of the natural sciences was impossible. To observe and experiment presupposes that truth is to be found, that an individual may endeavour to ascertain it for himself, and establish it independent of, nay, in spite of, all external authority. But although in our eyes the chief glory of scholasticism is that it unconsciously brought men to this point (when of necessity it expired), in the schools such a doctrine would have seemed startlingly heretical. The whole conscious purpose of the schoolmen was to prove the harmony existing between religious dogma (the truth of which was not a matter of question) and philosophical knowledge, between faith and reason, and to draw out this harmony in consistent schemes. It is easy then to perceive—the current of thought being determined not by psychological attractions but by the impulse of theology—why subjects such as the emotion of beauty and the nature of the beautiful should be passed by without attention. They were not theological, and theology was the business of thought. The nominalism of Roscelinus endangered, it was believed, the philosophical doctrine of the Trinity, and hence the existence of universals *a parte rei* became a matter of the highest importance. If some freethinker had deduced a subtle argument against the sacraments from the nature of beauty we should have had volumes of theological æsthetics from Anselm and Bernard, and the theory of St. Augustine would have been anxiously investigated; but no heresy of this kind existed. The monk watched the walls of the abbey or cathedral rise, and was made glad by their beauty, and returned as we do to that of ours, to the trouble of his century—the effort to rationalise theology, or theologise reason. The science of God drew all things to itself. When Dante beside the flashing river of light, surrounded with the beauty of Paradise, grows theological, we need not wonder that his master Aquinas could pace the cloisters or aisles of an Italian cathedral without once resolving to analyse his impressions in a chapter on the pleasures of the imagination, or the emotion of the sublime.

But scholasticism fell; sapped by the spirit of free enquiry which the schools themselves unconsciously engendered, overwhelmed by the flood of life and new ideas in the Renaissance, finally swept away by the Reformation, the natural sciences, and the philosophies of the seventeenth century. Why do we search these philosophies in vain for an analysis of

the facts of consciousness relating to beauty, or for a theory of the beautiful? In the Renaissance, if ever in the history of the modern world, art was one of the great affairs of life, not the mere occupation of a professional class with hangers on of the connoisseur and dilettante tribes. Then, if ever, there was that sympathy between the various arts—painting, sculpture, music, poetry, architecture, the work of the goldsmith, and the work of the armourer—which has been noticed as the characteristic of a true ‘palingenetic period;’ and such sympathy by indicating the essential oneness of all these forms of activity suggests an enquiry into their common basis. The enthusiasm for Plato had been revived by the Italian Academicians. Lorenzo wrote a poem upon his philosophy; annual banquets were held upon his birthday, at which portions of the Dialogues were read and discussed (surely among the rest the ‘Symposium’), nor at a time when heterodoxy was in fashion, was the movement the worse received because it was regarded with suspicion by the Church. Plotinus was translated into Latin, and whoever read Plotinus found a book of his first Ennead devoted to the study of the beautiful. But more important than all else, when Bacon and Descartes appeared, the philosophy of observation was inaugurated. Authority was no longer paramount; theology was no longer the only motive to thought; the operations and products of mind had become interesting for their own sakes, not for the sake of some dogma into relation with which they could or could not be brought. Descartes wrote a treatise on the passions; Bacon accomplished a magnificent survey of the objects of human knowledge. But Descartes wrote no æsthetics; and the space given in the ‘De Augmentis’ to poetry and to the liberal arts (which last are treated under the head of philosophy), if we set aside some fanciful interpretations of Greek fables, is less than the space given to the art of writing by cipher.

The method of observation was only beginning to be applied, and each thinker, we may suppose, would direct it according to his own tendencies. Descartes’ treatise on the passions is slight. It was his concern to find a point of support, which no scepticism could reach, upon which he might lay the basis of a philosophy, and then work up to the light. To him the metaphysical Sphinx had proposed her great riddle, the riddle she has put to every thinker from Descartes to Hegel, ‘How is the gulf between thought and being to be bridged?’ and the solution was not easily discoverable. In addition to which, Descartes and his successors probably cared little for art, and were certainly to a large extent preoccupied with their physics and mathematics.

The great work of Bacon’s speculative life was different. He has given us a multitude of ingenious observations on men and things, but he has in a strict sense no philosophy; he has only a method of philosophising, and to have proclaimed this method as the true one, and in some degree to have elaborated its processes is the substantial service

which Bacon rendered to the progress of thought. That he has left us no system of æsthetics therefore is not to be wondered at as if this were a solitary and conspicuous defect in Bacon's philosophy, for a philosophy itself is what cannot be found. Descartes, the Columbus of intellect voyaging through strange seas of thought, discovered a new world; let it be called after his name; but Bacon taught men the use of the compass, and of the known world he described an admirable map, leaving blanks for the conjectural regions, where others had drawn imaginary monsters and Mountains of the Moon.

Bacon's few observations upon poetry display singular incompetence to understand its real nature. In truth Bacon, though possessed of much brilliancy of fancy, much nimbleness of wit, and though experiencing a Renaissance joy in splendour and pomp which appeal to the senses, was a man wanting in imagination of a poetical kind. No hypothesis was ever more untenable than that which ascribed to Bacon a considerable hand in the production of Shakespeare's plays. No two men were less like in mental and in moral character than the great dramatist and the great lawyer. Bacon in his 'De Augmentis,' as it has been remarked by Fischer, 'begins by classing the essentially most poetical form of poetry—the lyrical form—under rhetoric, that is to say, prose; and he winds up by ranking the essentially prosaic, that is to say, allegorical poetry, as the highest order of the poetical.' Dramatic poetry is dismissed with one short paragraph. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the drama, that species of art which created the new, untried popular delight of the Elizabethan age, should have lived a life unembarrassed by criticism, a life free, frank, and careless. Its good and its evil, its fearless grandeur and beauty, and its too frequent extravagance and incoherence are equally characteristic of a literary period which was great and ardent in creation, feeble and uncertain in criticism.

The critical intellect of the age of Elizabeth was carried in the direction of theology and ecclesiastical affairs. That which remained for the service of literature was for the most part not of the best quality. Of literary criticism in the sense in which we commonly understand the term, of the study of individual authors or groups of authors, there was none or next to none. The critical treatises of the time, though valuable in many ways to us now, can hardly have been very valuable when they were written. In Sidney's 'Apologie for Poetrie' there is a fine glow of enthusiasm about the art which he defends, and it probably presents us with the best ideas upon the subject of poetry of the years immediately preceding the advent of Shakespeare. There is in it not more understanding of, but more feeling for, the real nature and action of the imagination than can be found in the criticism of Addison or of Johnson, a century or two centuries later. And Sidney's observations upon the disorderliness of the dramatic plots of his day and the frigid style of contemporary

lyrical writers are eminently just. But what was at first and what still remains most precious in 'An Apologie for Poetrie' is the glow of enthusiasm about poetry which pervades it, not its ideas concerning art. We can well believe, remembering the tenth eclogue of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' that such also was the case with Spenser's prose tract, most unhappily lost, 'The English Poet.' In it we know that he discoursed of poetry as a worthy and commendable art, 'or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct, not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain *Ἐνθουσιασμὸς* and celestiall inspiration.' Webbe, Gascoigne, Puttenham, and the royal rhymmer and critic James I. concern themselves rather with the externals of poetry than with its inward life and character. 'Of the breaking of your words of many syllables,' of your dactyl and spondee, of your figures 'micticismus or the fleering frumpe,' 'antiphrasis or the broad floute,' 'charientismus or the privie nippe,' and such like, we read enough in Puttenham. But his art of poetry has no philosophy of poetry behind it. 'Metaphysicians,' as Mr. Mill has observed, 'are the ultimate arbiters of all philosophical criticism;' the excellence of art-criticism is usually a correct measure of the worth of the art-science of the time, and of art-science in the time of Elizabeth there was, strictly speaking, none.

Philosophy in the seventeenth century was occupied fully in developing its new method, in working at physics and mathematics, and pondering how certain metaphysical problems might be solved, which could not be put aside. Only by degrees did it extend itself from one branch of human thought and activity to another, and assert its right to criticise the fundamental principles of each. Art was looked at on its external side rather than its internal, as related to rules and models rather than to the emotions and ideas of the artist, as imitation rather than self-expression. The first great psychological observers and analysts of England were Hobbes and Locke, and neither æsthetics nor the philosophical criticism of literature could exist until it had become a customary thing to scrutinise the phenomena of the emotions. Unfortunately both Hobbes and Locke were men of extraordinarily prosaic minds, and Locke devoted almost an exclusive attention to the phenomena of the understanding. Aristotle still remained the supreme authority on the ultimate principles of art.

One celebrated sentence, it may be worth while to note, which having forgotten so much we retain from the seventeenth century, and which has been repeated again and again as an axiom of art is in reality entirely turned from its original significance. It has been said by Milton (we are told) that 'poetry is simple, sensuous, and passionate.' This is our chief inheritance from the art-criticism which preceded the prefaces of Dryden. Whoever will refer to the letter to Hartlib on Education can ascertain for himself that Milton is here speaking not of

poetry, but of what we call æsthetics, and that it is his object to determine the place of æsthetics in education. The study of art should precede the study of logic, because the former is less intellectual, less abstract, less remote from the emotions—'less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean here not the prosody of a verse, . . . but that sublime art which in Aristotle's 'Poetics,' in Horace and the Italian commentaries of Castlevetro, Tasso, Mazzoni and others teaches what are the laws of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe.' Whether the philosophy of art is more simple than logic may well be questioned.

'What are the laws of a true epic poem' was a subject before long to be studied with reference to the great work of Milton himself. Addison's essays in the 'Spectator,' upon 'Paradise Lost,' are characteristic of a period in the history of English literary criticism, and his essays upon the Imagination exhibit in a popular manner the art science of the same period, as yet feeble and superficial, but unconscious of its feebleness and superficiality. It is to the credit of Addison, that he, and he perhaps first, turned to modern psychology for light and guidance in the philosophical criticism of art. 'Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings,' but Addison insists that the critic of his day must be acquainted with the results of Locke's enquiry, and he shows on more occasions than one that he had read the essay to good purpose. Nevertheless there is no part of Addison's writings which to our modern hearing seems written in a more antiquated dialect, no part which seems more absolutely to belong to a dead and buried past than his literary criticism. Sir Philip Sidney is in many respects less remote from us than is Addison. There is in Sydney some of that transcendentalism about art which has supplied the commonplaces of criticism in recent years. For Sidney, as for Mr. Carlyle, the great poet is a *vates*, not entirely subject to our judgments and rules; but Addison applies to everything in art his 'incomplete logic of good sense.' He makes light of the qualifications of the critic who sets up in his trade with a few general rules extracted out of the French authors, and a certain cant of words, but if the rules were more numerous and more precise such a critic would have resembled Addison himself. He possessed no doubt a real feeling for certain beauties of literature; he condemned the artificial conceited manner which even in his day did not cease to retain admirers—the Gothic manner of writing; he professed to love simplicity and nature, and he did honour to the 'Ballad of Chevy Chase;' but the simplicity and nature which Addison loved were those of Queen Anne's time, and of his own 'Cato.' 'Chevy Chase' is found to accord with the rules of the heroic poem, and to contain 'strokes' and 'sentiments' resembling some in Virgil. This manner of criticism is intelligible to us, and

was useful in its time, but how remote from us it seems, how lifeless and unprofitable !

The critic in the days of Addison considered poetry as consisting of a definite number of kinds or classes of composition ; a work belonging to any one of these kinds of composition, an epic, a tragedy, an ode, a pastoral consisted of a definite number of parts, and there was a rule which ought to determine the nature of each of these parts. The epic comprised fable or action, characters, sentiments, diction, figures, episodes, machinery. The action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action ; secondly, it should be an entire action ; and, thirdly, it should be a great action ; and so on with the other parts, until our judgment is fortified by the entire series of rules. The criticism consists in examining the poem by the rules proper to the class of writing to which it belongs. The work is compared with a standard, and is pronounced good or bad, according as it approaches or falls far short of that standard. The critic spoke of the epic or drama in the same manner of dreadful precision which heightens the mystery and horror of the story of the infant's grave upon the mountains in Wordsworth's 'Thorn' :

I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide.

Such a method of criticism may not be illegitimate, but it is unfruitful. Certain qualities in a work of art give pleasure, and a law of art is the expression in an abstract form of the conditions under which pleasure originates. But our rules or laws at best are rough and awkward statements of fact. Nature (and works of art are as much natural productions as trees or governments) is infinite and incalculable ; the intellect of man is neither fine enough nor comprehensive enough to penetrate her secrets and resolve her processes ; and accordingly much that is precious, much that is vital escapes this criticism by rules and standards, and will not be compelled to appear and give an account of itself by such an inadequate method. Too often, moreover, the accepted rules of art were not general statements of facts common to all times and places, but were received upon the authority of Aristotle, or were derived from an examination of the models of antiquity, and transferred to modern times and the Christian world without enquiry into their claims upon our feelings and our imagination. A French tragedy was compelled to observe the unities of time and space. Why ? Because the unities could be justified by common sense, or were the expression of some real, though obscure, artistic instinct ? No, but because the unities had been observed by the Greeks, and the Greeks were the models of polite literature. Such a way of thinking tended to formalise and falsify art, made criticism barren and dogmatic, and retarded the period for the growth of a rational system of æsthetics.

But the dogmatists could not reign for ever. Boileau could not always legislate upon the French Parnassus,

Shake his ambrosial curls, and give the nod.

A revolution against the old dynasty was inevitable. Before the close of the seventeenth century the blow was struck—Perrault had published his 'Parallel of the Ancients and Moderns.' Fontenelle and St. Evremond in France, Wotton and Boyle in England, Paul Beni in Italy, espoused the cause of the moderns. In the name of reason authority was openly impeached. La Mothe argued against the unities as devoid of end and principle, and denied the necessity even of unity of action. Addison, with an eye upon his own 'Cato,' and at a later period Richardson at the close of his 'Clarissa,' declared themselves against the artistic doctrine of poetical justice: 'In the arts which depend on the imagination,' wrote Voltaire, 'there are as many revolutions as in states; they change in a thousand ways while we try to fix them.' In England, Spenser and Chaucer were re-edited, and were found to be artists of a not altogether barbarous age. The 'Percy Reliques,' even as they appeared refined and corrected to suit a generation of polite readers, were something of a different description from what men of the eighteenth century had been accustomed to admire. It was evident that a new and larger conception of the beautiful must before long appear to include works of art of so many various kinds.

Our great literary critic of the second half of the eighteenth century, Johnson, was insensible to many of the finer influences of the age to which he belonged. If flexibility of intelligence, a power of assuming many and various intellectual attitudes, and an imaginative sympathy with all moods of mind be characteristic of the critical spirit, little of that spirit was possessed by Johnson. His tone was more authoritative and dogmatic than that of Addison, and his sensibility to beauty less sure and less delicate. He seems to have agreed with Dennis that there is not much in 'Chevy Chase' but 'chill and lifeless imbecility.' He brings poetry before the tribunal of a vigorous [but prosaic and somewhat plebeian] common sense, and perplexes and silences the witnessing of imagination by bold and relentless cross-examining. This vigorous common sense, unilluminated by imagination, is that which remains most valuable, and also least valuable in the critical writings of Johnson.

We drove afield and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

wrote Milton in 'Lycidas.' Johnson did not feel the summer heat and the morning freshness in these lines, and has nothing better to say of them than, 'We know they never drove afield, and that they had no

flocks to batten.' But the same common sense which wrongs the grace and majesty of Milton's creations does good service against Cowley's frigid exercise of the fancy, and extravagant *tours de force* of wit.

Although Johnson's decisions are often unjust where Addison would have instinctively decided rightly, the 'Lives of the Poets' are in their manner of criticism much in advance of the 'Spectator' essays upon 'Paradise Lost.' In the seventy years which elapsed between the two the general capacity for thinking upon questions connected with art and literature had been much developed. Addison half a century after his death was scarcely allowed to be a critic. His criticism, as Johnson informs us, was condemned as tentative or experimental, rather than scientific; he was 'considered as deciding by taste rather than by principles.' It may be doubted whether Johnson's principles are much more profound than those of Addison, but it is certain that he exhibits a freedom and mastery in dealing with literature, partly resulting from the powerful intellect of the man, partly from his knowledge of the general capacity to receive literary ideas, which are notably absent from the earlier writer of the century.

The circumstance was fortunate which determined that the first large critical enterprise of our country should be also biographical. Before the appearance of the 'Lives of the Poets' works of literature and art had been criticised as if they had fallen from the clouds. Probably habits of thought and feeling acquired from the study of classical writings, about the authors of which nothing or but little was known, led men to consider books a good deal apart from the makers of the books. There were rules of composition, and standards with which an ode or epic or tragedy could be compared, and the comparison being effected the task of criticism was over; but there were no rules by which men could be finally judged, no standards by which they could be thus nicely measured; and therefore they were not proper subjects for criticism. If the action of an epic were one entire great action, if the characters were various and of becoming dignity, if the sentiments were appropriate, what mattered it whether the author were high-born or a child of the people, of vigorous or feeble body, of sad or serious temper, self-indulgent or morally severe, married or single, rich or poor, Christian or Atheist? Such questions as these may have possessed an historical interest, but criticism was absolutely unconcerned with them. In the 'Lives of the Poets' the same hand undertook to sketch the life and to apply the measuring-rod to the works of art—the product of that life. Johnson, however, although through him criticism got upon the right track, did not himself forsake the old paths. He was to the last a dogmatist in art-criticism, not a naturalist. Each of his 'Lives' tends to fall into two parts: the first is occupied with the author's biography; in the second he proceeds to an examination of the author's works; the two parts of his study stand apart, and do

not come into free relation one with another. Nevertheless the mere juxtaposition of the narrative of the life and the enquiry into the works was important. One could not but perceive that poems are not caught out of the air, but belong to the man who writes them. The biographical method of criticism necessarily followed in due time. The 'Lives of the Poets' end a period of literary criticism, and announce a new period, and this is their chief significance.

No adequate system of æsthetics was possible, nor could art criticism be other than superficial, until the conception had arisen of the essential unity of art. This conception that art is one, that it has the same cause, the same end and object; that poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, the dance are but various manifestations of one and the same human tendency, is of modern origin. Bacon, it has been already noticed, while he treated poetry as one of the three great divisions of human learning, placed the liberal arts in a subordinate position under the head of philosophy. Disproportionate honours were in like manner rendered to poetry by the French thinkers and men of letters of the seventeenth century. Art in France under Louis XIII. and his son, admirable as that period was in some respects, contrasts unfavourably with art in Italy under Lorenzo the Magnificent and Leo X. The characteristic of a true palingenesic period was absent. The arts did not find their common centre, but remained on the surface, isolated, each absorbed in its special technicalities. Each class of artists understood only those of their own guild and mystery. There were great painters, but they did not draw their inspiration from the court, where alone the literature could flourish. Poussin's studio was at Rome, amongst the fallen divinities; Claude's wherever he could gaze long at a rising and a setting sun. So incompetent were the poets to appreciate painting that Molière and Boileau without scruple placed Mignard above Raphael. It is not until we come far into the eighteenth century that we find the idea of the unity of art gaining much ground. Rousseau by his passion for Italian music helped to show that poetry need not be ashamed to acknowledge relationship with the other arts. Diderot may be regarded as the founder of the higher criticism in France of painting and sculpture. In Germany the erudite enthusiasm of Winckelmann was like a ripening sun shining upon all thoughts which centre around art; and Lessing, by his admirable comparative study of poetry and painting with a view to determine their respective boundaries, made it clear that while the powers of expression differ in the two arts, their inner life and being is the same. By degrees men ceased to speak of 'poetry and the fine arts,' and the singular 'art' in its new sense came to be understood and generally accepted. At the same time philosophies of art and theories of the beautiful began to occupy a considerable place in the schools of English and French psychology and German metaphysics. The

position of art as a proper object of scientific thought became fully established. From Kant to Fischer, from Cousin to Lévêque, from Burke to Ruskin there has been no break in the continuous series of philosophical studies of art.

In the present century two intellectual tendencies are very clearly marked—the scientific tendency and the historical tendency. And these two tendencies have allied themselves one to another. The study of nature is more than ever before historical; the scientific questions of our time, those concerned with the development of species, those which relate to the growth of language, and many questions of geology are essentially historical questions. And, on the other hand, the history of man is approached in a scientific spirit, and investigated as a proper object of science; human societies, governments, religious institutions, are looked upon as parts of nature, as subject to natural laws, and exhibiting an orderly natural development from age to age.

Art-science and art-criticism have yielded to the dominant influence of these two tendencies of contemporary thought. When Addison wrote essays the duty of the critic was simple—to apply to a poem certain rules, to compare it with a certain standard, and to pronounce judgment in accordance with the results of the comparison. At a later period it came to be felt that the work of a man cannot be understood or justly appraised apart from the man himself; the biographical study of literature and art was inaugurated. At present neither the work of the man nor the man himself becomes intelligible until we have placed him in his environment, the surrounding society, until we have discovered the causes and conditions which made possible the appearance of such a phenomenon, until we have investigated the characteristics of his race, and reconstructed in imagination the period to which he belonged.

The historical method is employed as well by those who assert absolute beauty as by those who deny it, reducing the beautiful to a varying somewhat, which differs from itself as civilisations and climates and creeds and the changing passions of races of men differ. For Hegel the successive epochs of art represent a continuous and progressive solution of the problem of the beautiful,—how is the absolute idea to exhibit itself in a limited, sensible form? For him the history of art is one with the logic of art. M. Taine rejects these metaphysical conceptions somewhat scornfully. But with him the attractions of the historical method are not less powerful than with Hegel. Both reduce human liberty and the influence of the individual upon the progress of art to a minimum. M. Taine discovers everywhere in the invisible world the action of great moral forces, as the geologist or astronomer in the visible world discovers the action of great physical forces: every historical condition, the art, the religion, the government of each period is the resultant of the joint action of these energies; history becomes a problem in the mechanics of mind; the direction which the

human intellect and feelings and imagination take in any given age is infallibly determined by a composition of moral forces.

The chief exponent of these ideas in the criticism of literature and art is M. Taine, who has applied them with the rigour of a *doctrinaire* critic to English literature, and to the arts of Greece, of Italy in the Renaissance period, and of the Netherlands. His manner is brilliant and dazzles, but he is deficient in power of delicate perception and in real flexibility of intelligence. In these qualities M. Taine's master in art-criticism Henri Beyle (better known by his pseudonym, Stendhal) excels by much the pupil. Beyle's method—for such it was, in fact, although Beyle would never formally methodise any way of thinking—is the same as that of the historian of English literature. 'A temperate climate and monarchy produce admirers of Racine.' That is altogether in M. Taine's manner. But Beyle held himself free from the tyranny of a theory; he is penetrative but not persistent; he illuminates but he does not construct; he is stronger and weaker than M. Taine.

This sketch has now in its slight imperfect way been brought so far as to touch the present time. What new vistas are opening before art-science and art-criticism cannot here be guessed at or described.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

WHEN two fond hearts are parting
They clasp sad hands in pain,
And they fall a-weeping,
And sigh, and weep again.

But we wept not at parting,
No sighs from our lips fell,
The weeping and the sighing
Came *after* our farewell.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

LIFE IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

By J. P. MAHAFFY.

No stranger in Dublin can fail to be attracted by the massive front of Trinity College, in the greatest thoroughfare of our faded capital. The Oxford or Cambridge man, who expected to see some large house like the London University, finds spacious squares and venerable halls that speak of old traditions, and an hereditary character, sustained by noble associations and surrounded by a peculiar atmosphere. Burke and Goldsmith stand before the gate. Ussher and Berkeley and Grattan are in the halls. The buildings too are of the type that was common when Dublin was the seat of Government and the home of a resident nobility. The library has not its equal among library buildings in England. The provost's house looks like the town residence of an English nobleman. And in the days when the provost's house was built, the Provost of Trinity College was a great man in a real capital. He owed his place to Government, and might be a member of the Ministry, and not a college don. He was an absolute despot within the walls, generally returning the two members by fear and favour. He became a bishop if he liked, and put his sons into rich offices or richer livings. So too the members of the board, the senior fellows, were known as men of wealth and importance. They were rich, and no one could tell how rich, for they controlled great estates with terminable leases, and gave no public account of their stewardship.

These things are now past, but the recollection of them is fresh, and still the provost stands in the first rank of Irish society, and still there are vague beliefs abroad as to the untold riches of the University and the many lucrative posts that are to be obtained within her walls. As yet the centralising tendency, which has eaten out the splendour of the Irish capital, has not laid its hands upon her, and she follows out her history and her development, moulding herself with the times, and even drifting away in some respects from the first intentions of the founders. She was meant to be an outpost and mission for the spread of Protestantism in Ireland, but since 1793 she has consented to admit Catholics to her degrees, and gradually to all her prizes. She was

meant to be a *mater Universitatis* with many colleges; but as Aaron's serpent-rod Trinity College has swallowed up the other Halls, and like Harvard imposes its laws and even its name on the whole University. She was meant to teach none but those that lived within her walls, and yet she now permits them to remain under their parents' charge, and even undertakes to examine periodically those that live afar off and are willing to submit to her tests and be called by her name. Intermediate in age between the mediæval foundations and the creations of the present century, she is intermediate in her constitution and her intellectual condition also, more modern than her English sisters, yet wisely holding fast much of her old collegiate life and traditions, and so differing essentially from the examining boards, misnomered Universities in the present day.

This peculiar and interesting attitude is mainly due to the exceptional position forced upon Trinity College. Built originally *juxta Dublinium*, it has gradually been folded in the embraces of the growing city, and is now in the heart of a great human world which it has no legal and little social power to control. The firm resolves of provosts and of deans to maintain the old discipline of college life have been gradually worn away and sapped by the wearing waves of enticing society and of unreasonable parents. What can the severest tutor say when his erring pupil pleads that he was dancing at a senior fellow's house, or that his mother was afraid to let him return on a wet night? Above all, the disease and misery of our squalid lanes and alleys have created great hospitals around us, and this has given us the opportunity of developing a large medical school, of which the members are bound to professional duties wholly inconsistent with the traditions of college life. There is no use in attending a maternity hospital in the day; by some perverse law children are born in the night, in spite of all the deans in the world. The visiting physicians will not suit their hours to the college chapel, neither will accidents wait for the conclusion of the Litany: how, then, are compulsory chapels to be maintained? And it is not in human nature that privileges conceded in such urgent cases should not be assumed at other times without real necessity.

These circumstances, acting on the social and pliant nature of Irishmen, are gradually wearing away the old system, once copied from Trinity College Cambridge, and still maintained there to some extent. The fellows themselves gave it the greatest blow. For after much scandal in older times, and after sundry 'Animadversions upon the fellows of Trinity College,' followed by actions for libel, the body obtained leave from the present Queen, by pressing her at an unfair moment, to become family men—a privilege which should never have been granted without permanently increasing the number of the fellowships, by making them terminable, or otherwise. So, however, the college don in Dublin is not usually a luxurious bachelor, living at ease in

elegantly furnished chambers, and watching over the neatness and regularity of the college with sedulous care, but a hard-worked official with his hands full of lectures, examinations, and correspondence, from which he gladly escapes in leisure hours to a home with dearer cares and a deeper rest. Of late, too, ordination has been avoided; clerical fellowships, once the rule, will soon be the exception, and this fact is the index of a larger change.

But turning to the condition of the students, anxious parents will think first of all of the temptations of the wicked city, and suppose that the moral tone of the Dublin undergraduate is proportionately low. Yet this is found practically false, for two obvious reasons. In the first place, there is no city so large as Dublin in all Europe where vice is more vulgar and unattractive. The nation has neither money nor inclination for it. Single men cannot even find innocent amusements in Dublin. There are few convenient houses, fewer clubs, scanty theatres. Everybody gets married and lives at home. And this suggests the second reason. There is a large society in Dublin, not stiff or inaccessible, into which the undergraduate can and does go freely, and so if he be idle he spends his evenings at concerts or in dancing. And of course he falls in love—desperately too, as is the wont of his nation. There is no University where men fall in love so frequently and so rapidly. So after all the large city does not ruin them, as might be supposed, but generally humanises them, and takes its share in a very necessary part of their education. Yet again, the fine sea-coast and splendid hills and moors of Dublin and Wicklow, within easy reach of the city afford an inducement for walking parties, for breathing the freshest mountain air and the keenest sea-breeze—a privilege denied to Oxford and Cambridge; and this healthy and pure recreation saves many a man from seeking relaxation in billiard rooms and at supper parties.

The stranger who enters the courts of Trinity College with these facts in his mind will explain to himself with their help almost all the contrasts to other colleges which he sees. The squares are much larger than those at Oxford, and not nearly so well kept, for there is a greater thoroughfare, and there are frequent carriages rolling in with lady visitors. The men are careless of etiquette as to academic dress, for they are constantly going into town like other citizens. The dust too and noise of the city reach within, and destroy the fancy of seclusion and leisure so delightful at English Universities.

Yet in spite of all these things there is a vigorous and real life in old Trinity. The men may not be, as a rule, so polished as in Oxford or Cambridge. But there is a rough strength about them that atones for other deficiencies. As Irishmen they are fluent talkers, and as Trinity College men they are independent talkers, free to utter their opinions, not guided by precedent, differing readily, even from their teachers. Those Fellows who encourage conversation at their lectures soon make them like the old disputations of the schools—

much-abused discussions that educated better than all our modern cramming.

If these discussions are kept in bounds by the lecturer, they are a fine mental exercise, and not least to the teacher, who is put thoroughly on his mettle, and whose weaknesses are at once made manifest to the class. Hence there is a very free and severe estimate of the intellectual capacity of the fellows. Hard as the fellowship examination is, and no examination could well be harder or more searching, the man who has stood even this test will not escape being written down a fool or christened a donkey if he fails to meet the requirements of his class. So it is also with the students among one another. The *vox populi* will be led by no class honours, or even by the prizes awarded in their own historical and philosophical societies. A man is judged by his conversation, by his ability to take in new ideas, by a thousand things which cannot be enumerated, but which are taken as evidence against all artificial tests, if they disagree with them.

So it is of course among the fellows. They criticise one another openly and readily, but always with perfect honesty. That false and hollow spirit of caste, whereby some professions in Ireland keep praising one another, and striving to atone for vapid weakness by consistent mutual flattery, does not exist in the University. Some years ago the fellows criticised one another so severely that they almost put a stop to any of their body publishing books. Every unfortunate author was so sifted and pulled to pieces that it required a man of very thick skin to brave their shafts.

But the stranger who dines at the fellows' table, and enters the common room, is, I believe, pleased by the vigour and liveliness of the conversation. And Dublin men like to be visited by Oxford or Cambridge or Harvard men.

Of course visitors too are freely criticised. You hear it said that they are far too conservative, and the worship of Aristotle and of Bishop Butler and of Dindorf's texts is made the subject of sundry jokes. But an assembly of young Irishmen will have their jokes about everything, and no one escapes, not even the authors of quaternions and of conic sections.

There are in Trinity College all the clubs and societies usual in such places. There are philosophical societies, and debating and theological societies, and prayer unions, and missionary auxiliaries; there are boat clubs, and cricket clubs, and gymnasiums; there are reading rooms and choral unions, and in fact there is no excuse for forming a club or society passed over. But the smaller fortunes of the men, and the consequent necessity of hurrying into professions—these causes prevent any exorbitant attention from being paid to sports or to debates. Men do not as a rule train hard in the clubs, and treat games as a recreation and not as the main object of life. With the development of foot races and of boating within the last few years

the questionable tendency is creeping in, but as yet the best oar and the best bat is not a great man in Trinity College ; he is not thought superior to the best mathematician or classical scholar. The ' College races ' are indeed a wonderful sight—the saturnalia during which all business stops, and every student's chamber is turned into a luncheon room. The city and the converging railways supply us with an assembly of 15,000 or 20,000 well-dressed people, but I doubt whether the athletics are yet the great object of the audience. There is very little betting, and the remarks most frequently heard next day are not about the running and the vaulting, but about the extraordinary beauty of the assembled ladies. So the boat club row well enough, as they showed at Henley last year, but they supplement their rowing by dramatic representations which are perhaps better attended than their races.

In all these things the great city and the sisters and cousins, mothers and aunts, exercise their influence and temper the too absorbing interest in pure athletics. It is also probable that the excellent field-sports to be had in the country parts of Ireland satisfy many men, and keep them from throwing their energies into games. Good shooting, salmon fishing, and hunting are not in Ireland reserved for the rich, but can be enjoyed by every country gentleman's son ; and there are consequently many who do not care to stay one day longer in Dublin than is necessary, but hasten away to spend their spare hours on the moors or the lakes.

I have said thus much concerning the leisure time of our University men, because it is chiefly through this means that old colleges educate their pupils. The actual teaching of science and of languages might possibly be obtained from books or private tutors, but the moral atmosphere in which a man lives and talks and idles—this it is which moulds his character more than any books, and this it is too which the reader cannot easily gather from calendars or examination papers.

There are, however, peculiarities in the teaching of the Dublin University worthy of consideration. The Dublin mathematical school has long been famous—in old times it was our only real *school* of importance. For though Dublin has produced great isolated writers in metaphysics and in divinity, there was a continual succession of able mathematicians among her fellows. I believe the main peculiarity of this school was its geometrical complexion. Proofs which appeal to intuition were always more appreciated than the analytical manipulation of symbols. Deducibles from Euclid were made out and taught in thousands, nor do I know any study in which more time has been wasted than on these ' cuts,' if we except, indeed, the ' cuts ' from Murray's ' Logic.' The subtleties extracted from a dissection of the four figures and the laws of reduction once bid fair to rival the deducibles from Euclid, and the whole of the honour course for the first year in mathematics and in philosophy was confined to this ingenious trifling. Now these things have been altered, but still the cuts appear

at the first examination, and the geometrical tastes of the University are amply attested by the works of living writers.

As to philosophy, we can boast of an independent school which was never led away by the popular writers of the day. Sir William Hamilton never imposed upon us with his Natural Realism. In spite of the necessities of the Indian Civil Service Examination, we are not infected with Mr. Bain, and even Mr. Mill has in Dublin more admirers than followers. The study of Kant, introduced and deepened by the searching fellowship examinations of Dr. Toleken, has of late years taken the first place, and there is possibly no English speaking University in which the great German thinker is so well understood.

Our classical school may be considered of very recent formation. All the fellowships were till lately awarded for scientific knowledge, though the genius of the nation would appear far better suited to languages and to general literature. There were a few books of repute written long ago by Dublin fellows, such as Walker's 'Livy' (remarkable for the elegant Latin of the notes) and Leland's translation of Demosthenes. But now there is a real school established, which shows more life and vigour than the old mathematical school. The system pursued in the examinations is peculiar in endeavouring to combine the critical scholarship of Cambridge, the philosophical scholarship of Oxford, and the comparative philology of the Germans. Perhaps this scheme is too wide, and perhaps our classical staff is as yet hardly competent to work it perfectly, but the conception is surely a large one, and will yet lead to good results. Above all, we still hold fast to our old plan of giving considerable weight to oral examination, and still value elegant and fluent *viva voce* translations. Despite of the disfavour with which this sort of examining is regarded in English Universities, we are still convinced that it is perhaps the best test of intelligence, and a very good test of scholarship. Of course critical questions should abound in such examinations, and looseness of rendering is thus easily checked. Even in mathematics and in philosophy the experience of the fellowship examination has convinced us that, on the whole, the impression conveyed by *viva voce* examinations is very seldom contradicted by the papers.

But these are dull and serious discussions, with which we care not to trouble the reader. Much might be said about the schools, some of which are in great vigour, and have a development independent of, though related to, Trinity College. There is, I think, no more impressive scene than to hear the Regius Professor of Physic open his medical school, as he sometimes does, with one of his large and weighty addresses. Public lectures are not as frequent as they might be in the University, though the people of Dublin are very ready to take advantage of them, and any professor who teaches a subject connected with literature can obtain an audience of one hundred ladies and gentlemen merely by advertising his intention. But when the Regius Professor of Physic is to give an address, many men of importance and of intellect may be

seen going to the theatre, there to be received by the steep and closely packed tiers of noisy students with applause or with hisses, according as the accident of the time makes them popular or the reverse. Some distinguished men cannot even venture to go in at all. But when the great physician comes in and quiets the storm of satisfaction by deprecating any disturbance of his lecture room, and gently requests silence, all is hushed, and you see the curved galleries of young eager faces compose themselves into quiet attention. The professor will not generally in his first lecture confine himself to medical details, but rather use them as illustrations of large principles that obtain through all society and human life. Above all, he never fails to show the necessary connection between medical and general education, and he insists on the duty of every student to make himself a cultivated gentleman, as a necessary adjunct to his professional knowledge. However plain the language, or well recognised the principle, there is in his manner a certain gravity and dignity which carries with it an irresistible charm. He concludes by pointing out the responsibilities of the profession, and in the absence of adequate public rewards, the high satisfaction of a good conscience and of a life of honest and successful labour.

It is indeed much to be regretted that the talent and the industry of the Irish student seldom meets with a due reward, owing to the paucity and poverty of the prizes which the University can afford. For of all the old Universities, that of Dublin is by far the poorest. The accident of there being but one college has made that college appear rich, but an endowment of 37,000*l.* per annum is a small sum to meet all the necessary expenses of a great University, with its college buildings and with its own peculiar responsibilities. Hence it is that the plan has been adopted of having none but *working* fellowships, adequately paid, by being very much restricted in number. But owing to this system a large number of really deserving men leave their University with the feeling that they have not been fairly rewarded. The mischief does not stop there. The Irish are a people who suffer chronically under a belief that they are not duly appreciated; so that even those who have no real claim to a fellowship often leave Dublin sore and discontented. It is to this class that we owe the deep ill-will manifested at times against us, which may well surprise an Oxford or Cambridge man, trained up in loyalty to his *Alma Mater*. Much as these exhibitions of bad feeling are to be regretted they have nevertheless, in our case, been of some use in forcing the University of Dublin before the attention of the English public. Hitherto even the debates in the House of Commons have shown deplorable darkness as to our condition, and our claims to public support and sympathy. This state of things is, we trust, passing away. If it be the will of the Olympian Prime Minister to destroy us, our fate may be now sealed. Nevertheless, we shall protest in the words of Ajax :

ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ἔλετσον, ἐπεὶ γὰρ τοι ἔαδεν οὕτως.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

BY COMPTON READE.

CHAPTER IX.

OIL AND WATER.

'COME, come, Miss Effler. Don't attempt this nonsense with me. I am an old friend, you know, and privileged to say my say.'

It was the voice of Mr. Chowner, trying his best to appear cheery under adverse circumstances. He had come as Mr. Lovett's advocate, and found the old lady very obstinate in her hostility.

In the corner of the drawing-room sat Adine with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks. She had chosen the shade to hide some portion of emotion, which was patent enough notwithstanding. Miss Effler sat defiantly in full glare of a morning sun. No vestige of shamefacedness had time left on that face. It was bold and resolute, feminine only in vanity, in power masculine.

'I am sure Uncle Charley would never fetter my choice,' cried Adine by way of supplementing the lawyer's rhetoric.

'It is an open question whether you have an Uncle Charles in existence,' retorted Miss Effler, preferring to snap at her niece rather than meet Mr. Chowner's argument. With this gentleman she would not willingly quarrel. He was her factotum in business. Through his office flowed punctually rents, interest on shares, and other delights. Better still, he could invariably arrange for money in advance, and somehow in spite of an ample income the old lady was usually in debt.

The lawyer took up the cudgels for the young lady with promptitude. 'Miss Adine is quite right,' he exclaimed. 'Her natural guardian is Mr. Charles Effler. As for his not being alive and well, I can confute such an idea. I saw only the other day a gentleman in London who had met him at Chicago quite recently. He reported him in excellent health and spirits. Doing well, in short.'

'In that case,' observed Miss Effler drily, 'Adine had better wait until such time as my brother elects to return from the wilds of America. Perhaps during the course of years he may have recovered





DRAWN BY MRS. FREER.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

some portion of the fortune he squandered at home. Then, you see, he could act handsomely in respect of settlements.' This with serene acrimony.

They had hitherto confined their palaver to the question of her consent. She was sharp enough to guess the lawyer's drift, and so herself directed the argument to its real point.

'It isn't a question of money,' snarled Adine. 'We don't want anybody's money. We have quite enough of our own.'

'My dear Miss Sinclair!' ejaculated Mr. Chowner dumbfounded at this quixotism.

'Quite enough,' echoed Miss Effler. 'Quite enough! Mr. Lovett has no private fortune—simply a life interest in a very indifferent piece of preferment. Whilst, as regards his relations, they are a set of people whom poverty has driven to the antipodes. I never knew a more helpless, hapless, friendless man, and I don't think he is justified in dragging my niece into his squalid poverty. Quite enough indeed!'

'I won't hear him maligned. I won't——' began Adine.

But Mr. Chowner interrupted. His function was to pour oil on troubled waters. This work of mercy he usually performed by patting the air with a very fat palm, till the oil began to take effect.

'My dear young lady,' he said solemnly. 'You are wrong. We *do* want money. Everyone wants money. Baron Rothschild wants money. Emperor of Russia wants money. It's not honest not to want money. I never knew a man who began by not wanting money who didn't end by helping himself to other people's purses. No, no, we won't be absurd. We ask your dear aunt to make you two people comfortable by a small allowance during her life, and a policy of insurance at her death.'

'Death!' cried the old lady. 'Death! How can you be so revolting? I'm not going to die.'

'No, no, of course not,' replied he. 'If you were at all a shaky life, you could not insure.'

But Miss Effler remained impassive and silent.

Then it was Adine's turn to utter. She turned away from her aunt with a little scornful shrug of the shoulders.

'Pray, Mr. Chowner, let us cease this discussion about finance. It is most unpleasant to me. I never expected or desired such a subsidy as you have proposed. Far from it. If my aunt refused to assist her own brother when he was in sore trouble, it is not very reasonable to expect her to sacrifice income for me. Who am I that I should obtain a better or kinder measure than was meted to my poor uncle Charley? Once for all I won't hear any more about money. Theodore Lovett and I are to be married. That is settled. The only question is, will you force us into a runaway match, or——'

'There, there,' exclaimed the lawyer irritably. 'We are more remote from an amicable state of things than ever. Miss Adine, allow an old man to remind you that a spade may be a spade, but it is not

always wise to christen it by so homely a name. Now, Miss Effler, Louise Hart is to be married from our house, suppose we make a double wedding of it, and you shall take my arm in church, and I will give Adine away, and we'll all be jolly and cosy ?'

But Miss Effler turned up her nose. 'I used to hear when I was a girl,' she retorted, 'that it is vulgar to be jolly.'

'By all means,' cried the complacent lawyer. 'Then, ma'am, let's be vulgar.'

Miss Effler looked unutterable vinegar as she replied, 'Vulgar! Ah! Yes. The wedding of a poor parson and a penniless damsel. Well it is vulgar, now you mention it.'

'Apnt!' almost shrieked Adine.

'Vulgarity,' sententiously interposed the gentleman, 'is an equivocal term. In a certain sense all marriages are vulgar. At the altar the aristocrat and the costermonger stand in the same relation to their respective brides. Marriage resembles vaccination. Everyone ought to undergo it. Ha, that is,' glancing uneasily at Miss Effler, 'except those whose constitutions are proof against the contagion of love.'

Prose generally misses the mark. Its course is too circuitous. These two ladies with fronts drawn up as for a pitched battle disregarded the pacific platitudes of a neutral.

'If you say any more,' shrilled Adine, 'Miss Effler, *I shall tell!*'

This was intended as a home-thrust.

Miss Effler scowled. A revelation of her vain error in regard of Mr. Lovett would be disagreeable. Mr. Chowner, oily as he was, could laugh; now and then sarcastically too.

'You may marry whom you choose,' she muttered angrily; 'it doesn't matter to me!'

'And yet you are always preaching lessons of gratitude and affection. So much for the virtue of moralising!'

'Rebellious and unfeeling conduct,' retorted the old lady, turning to Mr. Chowner as for confirmation of her sentiment, 'cancels the purest affection.'

'But,' interrupted Mr. Chowner, 'my dear good lady, your niece is simply pleading her own cause—in feminine fashion of course, and with a pardonable warmth. She is not unfeeling or undutiful.'

'Excuse me,' rejoined Miss Effler, 'I ought to know what I am saying. I have my own opinion of my niece's conduct. Wherefore my decision is to decline in most positive terms to make her any allowance, or in any other respect to abet a marriage alike imprudent and unprincipled.'

At this last word Adine burst into a merry laugh. Mr. Chowner looked sincerely mortified. This made the young lady laugh all the more heartily.

'Unprincipled,' hissed Miss Effler. 'Nevertheless I have no desire to control Adine's wishes. People who don't pay have no right to

interfere. She is welcome to accept your offer, and to play second fiddle to Miss Hart.'

This appeared final. Mr. Chowner, fairly repulsed, rose to retreat—firing, however, a parting shot for luck:

'I think, Miss Effler, you ought to remember that you have but a life interest in your property. Think if you were to leave the world, your natural heir being in real want of money, all because you would not, from motives of pique, assign a small fraction of income in a life assurance policy for her benefit.'

The old lady was inexorable. 'You have had my answer once, Mr. Chowner,' she cried, 'and you know, or ought to know, that I am not vacillating. I won't do anything for Adine if she opposes my will. And indeed in any case I object to life assurance. The people ask your age, which is impertinent, and their doctor demands to examine your *physique*, which is indelicate.'

'God bless you!' exclaimed lawyer Chowner fervently, as he wished Adine good-bye. 'You must try and alter your aunt's purpose—for his sake,' he whispered. 'He is poor, remember.'

Adine hung her head. She had intended to keep her temper.

Then Mr. Chowner left.

With a woman of Miss Effler's calibre it is next door to impossible for gentle loving girlhood to be on anything but distant terms. The niece in her secret soul had all along hated the aunt, and yet she could deceive herself into the strange belief that she lavished upon the old lady an abundance of dutiful affection. It was, therefore, with no inconsiderable diffidence that she attempted to reopen negotiations on a different basis from that of the lawyer. Indeed, her motive was not the same. Girl-like, she had not the slightest appreciation of the value of money. All she hoped for was—a wedding from the indifferent home which had been hers since the death of her mother, and the prospect of friendly intercourse between her one relation and herself; for the uncle Charley previously alluded to was the scamp of the family, a ne'er-do-weel, and ostracised by importunate creditors to the other hemisphere.

'Aunt,' she gently murmured, standing opposite the old lady with appealing blue eyes, 'aunt, have you ever been in love?'

But Miss Effler had developed knitting, and was too absorbed in its tangle to condescend a reply.

'You never have, or you could not for mercy attempt to interpose.'

Still the knitting continued, very aggravating in its gyrations.

'You should remember, aunt, that a girl has but one life to live. Suppose I gave up my love at your bidding, what future would remain for me?'

Bang went the knitting on the floor. Up rose Miss Effler, and without one word disappeared from the room.

Then Adine Sinclair took the bit between her teeth. This was too much for a proud spirit. Silence shows the worst of contempt. She had borne a considerable amount of bullying from her superior, they had indeed frequently so far disagreed as to exchange notes of defiance; now, however, amiability seemed utterly at a discount. An old family history arose to her mind of how her scape-grace uncle—the world said too the very double of her own dead mother—of how this man in his misfortune, having lost more than all by speculation, had appealed to his well-to-do sister. How, too, he had been repulsed with the same cool determination she had experienced to-day. He went to America almost heart-broken. She, too, would turn her back on a woman so hard-hearted and perverse willed that it were a very charity to account her irresponsible for words and actions.

CHAPTER X.

A LOST CHANCE.

AGAIN the Blankton lawyer's office. Again Mr. Lovett seated with a very anxious face in solemn conclave with its presiding spirit. Adine had confided to her lover at once the state of affairs at her home. Nay, more, she had openly avowed that under present circumstances it was simply impossible for her to remain under her aunt's roof; nor, when the mystery of Miss Effler's behaviour began to be cleared up, could Mr. Lovett, with all the ardour of accepted love inflaming his brain, venture to talk propriety. Nevertheless, he felt acutely the situation, and accordingly took refuge in the advice of his friend and well-wisher. Mr. Chowner looked grave. In his way a wise man, his perceptions were by no means dull. He was more keenly alive to the paramount importance of money than either of these two unsophisticated lovers, one of whom would gladly have given his whole purse to the object of his adoration, the other would with equal improvidence have spent its contents on all sorts of pretty inutilities. Hence he looked, as he felt, serious.

After listening attentively to Mr. Lovett, who was alternately fervid and apologetic, he bit his nails—as for information.

At length an idea seemed to seize his brain. 'I have it!' he cried. 'Leave the matter to me. We must not produce a total and final rupture with the old lady. She *may* come round. She will be lonely when Adine is gone, and, after all, blood is thicker than water. No. I'll manage it for you.'

'How? Manage what?'

'All right, my boy.' And with a hearty smile Mr. Chowner took his hat and marched off to Miss Effler's abode.

This time he succeeded in obtaining his wishes.

Miss Effler, to calm excitement, had been indulging in a somewhat unusual quantity of sherry, a beverage which, she said, agreed with her constitution. This improved her temper. She was at all events better prepared to be smoothed over. When, therefore, Mr. Chowner proposed as a solution of the difficulty, that Adine Sinclair should join Mrs. Chowner and Miss Hart in an excursion to London in order to purchase *trousseaux*, returning in due course to his house in Blankton, Miss Effler quite fell in with the idea.

'Very good of you, I'm sure,' she said. 'By all means let Adine go. And as far as ordinary expense is concerned I shall write a cheque. So long as she remains unmarried I am her guardian.'

Well pleased with his interview, the good lawyer returned to tell Mr. Lovett to comfort his lady-love, and receive the very warm thanks of that gentleman, whose brow once more wore its normal aspect of cloudless tranquillity.

Mr. Lovett was to read evening prayers in the cathedral for the last time. On the day following he was to be instituted formally by the Bishop to Mudflat Vicarage, which act would *ipso facto* vacate his minor canonry. Adine had promised to be at service both on account of the occasion, and still more because she would thereby secure an interview with her lover.

The last of anything always bears with it a certain solemnity of its own. Your last boy day at school. Your degree day at the university. Your last breakfast as a layman. All raise strange thoughts in the mind. The lot is to change. Is it to be for the better?

No wonder that this minor canon faltered as he came to the concluding prayers. The great cathedral had never looked so magnificent in his eyes. The organ had never sounded so solemn. Even the flickering glories of little Ralph's voice conveyed their own weird meaning. His heart beat. His voice trembled. Perhaps a thought crossed his brain, how that if only the cathedral funds were honestly administered there would have been bread enough and to spare for him and his, without travelling to the very ends of the earth in quest of a home and an income.

'A lovely evening for a stroll,' whispered the musical voice of Adine as they passed through the western porch together.

Yes. The old life was over. Of that her presence was the assurance. He lived now in Adine. The dregs of small regrets were left behind. His heart beat with glorious hope responsive to her tender accents. The dead past seemed buried in a living present, dazzled by a brilliant future.

Thus it came to pass that they courted the still of evening, expecting to enjoy moments deliciously romantic, as they wandered by the bank of the river Blank, which, as everyone knows, waters Blankton with its sluggish stream.

Her feelings were those of intense happiness and firm belief in her love, who appeared the very perfection of noble manhood. Yet mixed with this great confidence there was a measure of girlish timidity. The words of her enemy Horace Blackley kept recurring to her mind: 'A high-souled piece of humanity is that same Theodore Lovett. One who would shrink from the contamination of a soiled reputation.' She would have given all she possessed to dare tell him that secret at once—to get over the cross of her life—and yet she feared. To utter words against herself would, as she felt, jeopardise her happiness. In any case he would despise her. No, she would hold her own counsel. After all, what harm?

They walked in lover-like silence, until they emerged from the trail of stragglers coming to and going from the city. Then he told her of Mr. Chowner's plan, and her aunt's acquiescence in it.

To his surprise she did not exhibit any signs of pleasure; rather the reverse, to judge from her manner.

Whereupon he threw weight into the scale.

'I shall join you in London as soon as I have settled about dilapidations, and young Ralph's apprenticeship.'

She could not well make objection to this; yet, had the twilight permitted, he would have been surprised at the look of pain which pervaded her face. The remedy to her was worse than the disease.

'Where are Mrs. Chowner and her party going to put up in London?' she asked.

'At the Langham,' was his reply.

Involuntarily she gave a little start. To be at that hotel again, and with Horace Blackley too, seemed the reverse of pleasant.

'I wish we were going to lodgings,' she said. 'I so much prefer a house to an hotel.'

'Ah! But you don't know the Langham,' he replied. 'It is *par excellence* the hotel for a lady.'

Adine thought that she did know 'the Langham' only too well, and her little tongue itched again to make a full confession, and so set matters straight. Somehow, however, she dared not. Perhaps after they had been married a while courage would support her. It would be a real luxury to get rid of this mental burden, yet self-denial appeared imperative. She was silent. Being so she lost a very brilliant opportunity of liberating her soul.

They essayed to converse in a desultory way on topics rather commonplace for lovers. Finding her the reverse of conversational, and not comprehending that her mind was preoccupied, he tried to discourse about their future, the as yet unseen charms of Mudflat, the details of furniture, and the choice between a horse and pony.

His rhetoric was wasted. At last he began to discover that this pretty companion of his was positively *distracte*. Fairly puzzled, he

asked with matter-of-fact curiosity the privilege of peering into her thoughts.

Taken by surprise at his query, abruptly put, she had no time left for invention absolute. Truth might be skirted, but could not be avoided altogether.

'I was thinking,' she said, 'that Louise Hart and Mr. Blackley will vote me rather *de trop*.'

'I thought that you and Blackley always got on famously,' he remarked with blundering innocence.

'I detest the man,' cried she energetically, gazing up at his face, however, to comprehend if his words contained any *arrière-pensée*.

'Little women,' he answered her laughingly, 'are strange paradoxes. I never should have dreamt that you disliked Blackley—although, by the way, I do remember you called him ugly one day. But then——'

'Perhaps,' insinuated she, 'you imagined I admired Mr. Hawder?' This was a bit of nervous energy to change the subject.

He took it quite seriously. 'I did think so,' he replied in an altered tone of voice.

At another time she would have felt vexed at his being vexed. Now, however, her little will had got on a perverse tack. 'Well,' said she, 'I certainly did like Mr. Hawder by far the better of the two.'

This speech altogether upset the felicitous placitude of her lover; he quite lost both tongue and heart, and their first evening as an engaged couple ended drearily enough.

After all, the skeleton in the cupboard will make its presence felt!

Nevertheless, on the day following, Adine did join Mrs. Chowner and Miss Hart in their journey to the metropolis; they were escorted by Mr. Blackley, to whom on the platform of the Blankton railway station, Mr. Lovett was excessively bland and chaffy. Indeed, he imagined it a very capital joke to commend Adine to his especial care, entreating Miss Hart to spare him for a few minutes *per diem*, lest Adine should suffer from *ennui*.

At this Mr. Blackley smiled; Miss Hart tried to smile, but frowned. Adine actually did frown; to her it seemed not unlike the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the ostrich, which buries its head in the sand in order to avoid its pursuers.

Time and trains, however, don't wait for temper. Scarce were the words out of Mr. Lovett's mouth, when the whistle sounded and the locomotive puffed its burden out of Blankton.

As for unsuspecting Mr. Lovett, having confided his love to the care of his worst enemy, he accidentally ran against a very good friend of his, and a very honest soul to boot—Mr. Hawder; and overcome by feelings of indignant jealousy, evoked perhaps by Adine's thoughtless words, he actually cut him dead in the street.

So much for the power of diagnosis of the average lover!

CHAPTER XI.

A DIVORCE COURT WITNESS.

It was an agreeable surprise to Adine Sinclair to discover that her foe completely changed his tactics. Instead of persecuting her with intrusive attentions, Horace Blackley devoted himself ostentatiously to Louise Hart, ignoring the presence of the two other ladies. In truth he was thoroughly piqued. The transition from a bad love to a bad hate is easier than analysts of human emotions imagine. This man's brain was implete with notions of vengeance. An actor, however, he determined to conceal his hand. To display love or hate would have been equally a false move. His game was entire indifference, and he played it to perfection.

On arriving at the great hotel in Portland Place, Mr. Blackley, who as a matter of course had all arrangements entrusted to his worldly wisdom, somewhat startled Adine by selecting for her use precisely the same room which she had previously occupied. Girls have amazingly retentive memories about trifles. She had not forgotten the number of the room, nor its furniture, nor indeed the face of the housemaid, who came to attend upon her.

It was in the afternoon of the day following, that coming in tired enough after a spell of shopping, she went up in the lift to indulge in the best of London luxuries, a thorough good wash. This same *femme de chambre* brought her hot water, but with a slightly impudent leer on her plebeian features—an expression so marked that it arrested the young lady's attention.

'Anything more, miss?'

'No, thank you.' And Adine prepared for ablution.

'Nothing more, miss?'

'No, no; nothing, thanks. Much obliged.'

But the girl did not seem disposed to leave the room. Then Adine turned round from sheer surprise. The face that met hers was a very evil face. It had a history evidently. It represented the annihilation of every better feeling by some potent cause. It might be a wrecked love. It might be vice. To judge from her coarse *physique*, the latter supposition appeared to be the more likely.

'Last time as you were 'ere you went away without remembering of me,' she said.

Fairly taken aback by an accusation she well recollected to be false, for she had 'tipped' this very girl, Adine began to fumble in her purse for some silver.

'I thought I paid you,' she murmured.

The girl laughed low. So the young lady admitted she had been in

that room before. Good indeed. What a joke is simplicity to wickedness. 'It was werry forgetful of you,' continued the housemaid; 'werry. Supposing as I had been dishonourable, and told tales, what then?'

'What tales?' cried Adine, growing angry.

The girl laughed again. Such a false hollow laugh it was too. 'You know,' she replied.

'I know?'

'To be sure you do. What's the use of the Divorce Court, and sich like national institutions, if servants isn't to profit by them? We keep our heyes open, miss, let me tell you.'

Adine shivered at the ideas suggested by the low creature's words. They had their meaning, but she refused to perceive it.

'I again demand what is the reason you talk to me in this extraordinary way?' she said. 'If you want money, I will pay you whatever your charge is.'

Adine knew that attendance was an item in the bill, but she felt it wiser to affect ignorance. She was weak enough to imagine a small bribe would effectually settle this petty annoyance. But the girl's face soon undeceived her.

'You've got perhaps a fiver, or at most a tenner in your purse. What's that, I should like to know? That wouldn't pay off such a score. However, as I said, I'm honourable. That's what I am.'

'I don't understand you,' answered Adine very coldly. Her face had changed to ashen. Her little hand trembled.

'Nor I don't understand this 'ere. Mr. and Miss Smith comes to a 'otel and engages adjoining rooms, brother and sister like. Ha, ha!'

Her tone was very irritating. 'What business is that of yours?' cried Adine, her pale features suddenly flushing crimson. 'How do you know that the—the gentleman isn't my brother?'

'For two reasons. First, Miss Smith's linen is marked "Sinclair." Secondly, Mr. Smith's linen is marked "Blackley." That's why. If you want another reason you shall have it, miss.'

Adine was silent. Her heart, as the saying is, was in her mouth.

Then the girl came closer, and whispered mysteriously, 'You're not Miss Smith, and he's not Mr. Smith, because—he told me so.'

At once Adine appreciated the situation. This was the underhand work of Horace Blackley. He had secured a confederate. What for? To frighten her? To injure her? She could not guess. However, her course was plain. This girl must be dealt with, and that, too, promptly. She at once took refuge behind her own innocence.

'Oh! Mr. Blackley has been in communication with you, has he? Very well then; I conclude he explained how that, for reasons of our own, we were travelling under an assumed name. That will do. You may go.'

Plucky, Miss Adine, of you! Yet hardly conciliatory of a foe.

The girl retreated a step, observing in a tone almost of banter, 'Shall you require anything more, miss?'

'No,' replied Adine firmly; 'nothing. Stop though,' she added, 'what is your name?'

'Ask Mr. Blackley,' responded the girl, slamming the door in her face.

Adine turned to the glass to behold her countenance suffused with blushes. Indeed indignation was the uppermost feeling in her mind. Solitude, however, is apt to calm much of such effervescence, and the result of a few moments' reflection on her position was a flood of tears—girlhood's best safety-valve.

She was endeavouring to eradicate traces of such emotion by means of cold water and other accessories of the toilette, when Louise Hart announced through the keyhole that Mr. Lovett was waiting for her in the drawing-room below.

This good news was more effective than artificials simple or complex. Her pretty face was wreathed in smiles as she ran down the interminable staircase to meet him.

Had these lovers belonged to a different rank of life, they would have gone through the naturalesque process of kissing. So overjoyed was Adine at his arrival, that it is quite possible she would have felt rather proud than angry had he so saluted her before the company assembled in the great sitting-room of the Langham. To speak the truth, however, Mr. Lovett, if such an idea ever entered his head, was much too shy to put it into execution. On the contrary, he contented himself with looking foolishly overhappy, as he pressed her little white hand in a manner quite as demonstrative as the most sonorous of kisses.

So engaged was she in imbibing the tender passion, which beamed from his eyes, that she quite failed to perceive the presence of little Ralph, who was standing by his patron with a very pallid face and a coat buttoned to the chin, although it was warm enough weather.

Nature by a strange Nemesis had satisfactorily cheated the Dean and the butcher. The boy had burst a bloodvessel, and Mr. Lovett in consequence, under medical advice, determined at once to remove him from the raw climate of Blankton. Hence he had brought the boy to London to place him with an old musical friend, whose position in the profession was in itself a recommendation for his pupil. Adine received the sick boy with warmth, and the trio were soon seated at one of the cosy tables of the great dining-room discussing sweetbreads *à la jardinière*, and the Langham *Liebefrauenmilch*, a drink much to be commended either neat, or blended with real Seltzer.

It was melancholy to observe the change in young Ralph. Adine watched him with furtive interest, and her admiration for her future husband multiplied not a little as she realised what a true friend he

had been to a helpless child of art. It quite rejoiced her heart to think that they were about to sacrifice a small slice of their first year's income in aiding one so meritorious as this youth, with his earnest artist face and strangely lustrous eye; one, too, so obviously grateful; one who seemed to be worthy of honest friendship.

'I hope,' faltered the boy with emotion, 'I hope that I shall live to repay your great kindness.' A sentiment born more of heartfelt gratitude than of petty pride; one of nature's gentlemen, he knew how to accept the greatest favour with the greatest grace.

They in return wished him not merely music but life, and spoke all the kind words which flow with such spontaneous beauty from bright fresh souls—souls which have not as yet been trampled under foot of man, or compelled to bite the dust of debt and degradation.

After all, they are happiest, who never learn the folly of giving.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SLAVE OF THE LENDER.

THEODORE LOVETT came to town no longer Minor Canon, but Vicar, and he had already discovered that honour is costly. The Bishop's registrar—or rather deputy registrar, for the actual holder of that sinecure spent most of its emoluments in a game popular in Germany, the issues of which are determined by the spinning of a ball—the Bishop's deputy registrar then had picked his pocket of almost every available coin. Canon Grabbe had not vouchsafed to extract dilapidation money, and arrears of minor canonry were not yet available. In short he began life hard up. He had to pay for young Ralph. Some one must purchase Adine a *trousseau*, and that some one was himself. Then *in prospectu* loomed the wedding-tour, furniture and fixtures, to say nothing of a substitute at Mudflat during his absence. Verily the laity, who talk balderdash about 'fat livings,' have mighty little idea how miserably poor the average incumbent is.

Now, had Theodore Lovett acted wisely, he would have saved every expense, and strove hard to crawl before attempting to walk. He was, however, foolish and inexperienced. From motives of false delicacy he not only concealed pecuniary difficulty from Adine, but he indulged her every fancy in a way which to his heart was luxury, to his conscience rather the reverse.

For the first time in life the agony of money raising assailed him. His prospective and proximate liabilities might be reckoned at about five hundred pounds, his resources due at about one-fifth of that sum. If he borrowed less than he required—say three hundred pounds—even in that case, he would start encumbered by a mill stone. Since

the day when he paid his few University debts by sale of the one reversion he had ever been entitled to, the world and Theodore Lovett had kept on square terms. In short he did not owe his neighbour one stiver. The minor canonry had been poor pay, but its holder had marched about manfully in old hats and shabby coats. To him the flavour of vintage juice was forgotten. A few days in town for the Academy, and the Monday Popular Concerts, or for a Handel Festival or an amateur performance made up the recreation of a whole year. If he had been simply estopped from saving money, he had avoided the danger of bills. He could appreciate the luxury of wearing a coat and eating a dinner which he had paid for—out of his own purse.

Mrs. Chowner, a worldly-wise woman, had selected for their temporary abode an hotel which of all others gives the public the most ample accommodation and comfort at the most moderate rate. Yet the reasonable charges of that establishment rose so far above the country clergyman's idea of what his own personal expenditure ought to be as to make him wince. He paid, but he failed to look pleasant. There was indeed a hole in his purse. He had begun to spend. There were *so* many nice things purchaseable in the metropolis—this too was such a good opportunity for selecting a variety of necessities and luxuries—above all, Adine possessed such an inexhaustible fund of suggestiveness, and appeared so thoroughly overjoyed at each fresh act of expenditure, that he could not economise.

No wonder, then, that after a comparatively brief experience of Regent and Oxford Streets, impecuniosity began to stare the poor man in the face. He would have borrowed of his old friend Chowner had that worthy limb of the law been on the spot. To ask his friend's wife for a loan, was in his mind not exactly honourable, although he knew that Mrs. Chowner's pocket contained many notes, which she would readily have advanced to him. He had no bankers to draw upon, nor solicitor to advise. There were one or two old University friends about London, but then pride interfered. The lapse of years had relaxed the ties of old social intimacy. Muggins, who was wont in old days to slap his back as he styled him 'dear old boy'—Muggins the prosperous man always met him now clad with the steel armour of society. Muggins had thousands a year, and obviously despised the chum of his youth. He could not ask a favour of such an iceberg.

Imagination therefore, judgment, and his other mental faculties kept forming themselves into a committee of ways and means. It is not pleasant in middle life to discover, that had you spent your past in the retail of such articles as gin, tape, or coals you would have had enough and to spare, but that having devoted your energies to less material arrangements you are behind the world. There is in truth nothing so utterly humiliating as the absence of money from your

command. A man with an empty pocket feels a criminal—ay, and in the eyes of an enlightened civilisation is one.

At last to his tortured brain it occurred that he might obtain at all events a temporary advance by means of some of those amiable personages who advertise everywhere that they will advance any sum to anybody with or without security. Thus he would be enabled to afford Adine a *trousseau* which should bear comparison with the magnificent goods already purchased by Miss Hart to cover her not very prepossessing self. He might perchance have to pay heavy interest; still the wedding was impending, and necessity knows no law—certainly not that of prudence.

At breakfast he announced his intention of leaving Adine to Miss Hart's companionship whilst he made a pilgrimage to the City on important business. Adine stared. On this point she was not in his confidence. Perhaps her look was one of displeasure, for Miss Hart's meant Mr. Blackley's society.

'Going into the City are you?' enquired that individual, who was endeavouring to make himself excessively agreeable to Mrs. Chowner, a lady capable of accepting toadyism with satisfaction. 'Going into the City? Yes. So am I. We'll go together.'

Adine's frown relaxing at immunity from a disagreeable presence, Mr. Lovett acquiesced in this proposal, and within half an hour the two clergymen were seated in a Metropolitan first-class carriage, inhaling the unpleasant gases of subterranean London *tête-à-tête*.

Mr. Blackley enquired casually where Mr. Lovett was going.

Mr. Lovett of course, having a guilty conscience, looked exceedingly foolish, and replied vaguely that he didn't quite know.

Mr. Blackley responded that being son of a City magnate he was well acquainted with every inch of that central region dedicated by national piety to Plutus.

Mr. Lovett in turn endeavoured to shield himself behind an indefinite statement that he was bound for the neighbourhood of the Bank.

Mr. Blackley—his curiosity aroused—enquired 'Money?'

Mr. Lovett, not wishing to be confidential, opined that his business was on a money matter.

Mr. Blackley at once affected an appearance of friendliness. He said that if he could advise in any respect he should be very happy; he was conscious that they were both sailing in the same boat for the port of matrimonial felicity; hence that he felt for many reasons personally interested in one whom he would call his old college friend.

This bait took. Theodore Lovett, delighted by the warmth of his quasi-friend's sentiments, reciprocated them with hand and voice. Then he opened his heart at once, revealing unreservedly the design of his journey Citywards.

'Phew!' whistled Horace Blackley. 'Why, man, you must be insane!'

'Why?' gasped the innocent man.

'Because, my dear fellow, you would be infallibly swindled. It stands to reason. It wouldn't pay any human being to lend money without security—that is, of course, with only half a chance of repayment.'

There was no arguing against such sound logic.

'How much do you want—a hundred or so?'

'I could manage perhaps' with about three hundred pounds,' replied Mr. Lovett, not a little amazed at the turn the conversation was assuming.

'Three hundred. Hum. You require three hundred pounds—repayable when?'

'Oh, in a reasonable time. Say three years.'

'Exactly. Three hundred for three years.' Mr. Blackley looked as if the mountain was in labour.

'It is a large sum,' remarked the other.

'A large sum,' repeated Mr. Blackley. 'A large sum. Too heavy for a country parson to repay without an effort. Well, I—I——' But he paused, for his words seemed to stick in his throat.

At last the inward struggle was over. The mountain brought forth something more important than a mouse.

'I'll lend you the coin you require.'

'My dear, dear fellow——'

'Stop. Nothing demonstrative, if you please, Lovett. I abhor that sort of thing. It is uncomfortable for both parties.' And he positively escaped from the eager grip of gratitude.

'But, Blackley, old boy, believe me——'

'Quite so. I believe in your freehold of Mudflat. We will consider this subject from a business point of view. What interest do you propose?'

'I—I thought five per cent.,' stammered Mr. Lovett.

Mr. Blackley laughed—consumedly.

'All right,' he said. 'Evidently you must have the money. I really could make you pay through the nose, but I won't. However, come with me to the "Skylark" Insurance Company. We will talk to the actuary and insure your life as a necessary preliminary.'

At luncheon Theodore Lovett met Adine with a very beaming smile. He informed her briefly that she must lose no time in purchasing a suitable *trousseau*.

'I thought,' she said, 'that you were rather cramped for money, and in fact I have asked Mrs. Chowner to advance me what I require.'

These two people were so isolated as to be very much like a married couple before marriage. At all events they recognised a unity of purse.

'I have ample funds,' he replied, perhaps proudly.

She gazed in his face for explanation.

'The fact is,' he faltered weakly, for he was half afraid she would not approve—'the fact is, Adine, I have borrowed three hundred pounds.'

'Where? Who from?'

'Why, that good-hearted creature Horace Blackley has lent it me, and I only pay eight per cent. and the premium on a policy of insurance.'

Adine started from his side at these words. 'I wish, oh, I wish you hadn't!' she cried.

'My dear girl, why in the world not? You are absurdly prejudiced against this kind friend of mine. Indeed you are, little woman.'

He looked down upon her reproachfully.

Adine Sinclair said not a word, but her heart seemed to turn to stone.

[*To be continued.*]

ANACREONTIC.

O IF my love offended me
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl
And make her always bear it!

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly
And smother her with roses!

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about
And punish her with kisses!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

JASSO TO ELEONORA:

A CANZONET AND SONNET.

BY PROFESSOR SYLVESTER.



As vapour risen from the sea
 Descends on earth in dews,
 By equal law returns to thee
 My tributary muse.
 To thee the fountain of my song,
 My purest, dearest thoughts belong.

As many a forest flower by night
 With leaves enfolded lies,
 But with the coming of the light
 Its fragrant odours rise ;

Or as upon the grassy blade
 The sun reveals the dew,
 I owe and vow, fair worshipped maid,
 My brightest beams to you.
 To life, to light, reawakened now,
 The sunshine of my soul art thou.

SONNET.

Calm, pure, and mirroring the blue above,
 To whom comminglingly my life's streams flow,
 Making that one which many seemed but now,
 Thou art the sum and ocean of my love !

What though my soul rebellious pulses prove :
 These are the gusts that o'er the surface play,
 The fleeting colours painted on the spray ;
 They cannot in its depths the ocean move.

In the Elysium of thy love I dwell,
 And at its lucid fountain in thine eyes
 Immortal longings of the soul allay.

Vainly thy pride's dissembling lips devise
 How best the dear conclusion to repel,
 The silent message of those orbs unsay.

THE UNDERGRADUATE IN TOWN.

I CANNOT help thinking that, in the particular Xandu known as Albertopolis, where 'did,' not Kubla Khan but Cole C.B., 'a stately pleasure-dome decree'—known to the ungodly as the South Kensington Music Hall—the feelings of those concerned in the scheme must be slightly acidulated. The Great Exhibition of Seventy-one is the very ridiculous *mus* which is born of that architectural mountain the Albert Hall. Nobody thinks, and consequently nobody talks of it, unless it be those disciples of Dickens's immortal Wemmick, who, chancing to pass that way, say 'Hullo! here's an International Exhibition. Let's go and see it!' In short, the whole thing is such a gentle failure (which is worse than a genuine crash) that we should be sorry to belong to the court, even as third fiddler, of the local monarch. Coleridge might talk about the potentate of his pleasure-dome and invite attention to

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew has fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.

I am afraid the paradisiacal milk has been 'Simpsoned' with the coldest of cold water by the reception Society has given to the Great International Show which has been stowed away in passages that lead to the Albert Hall. They are literally 'the endless passages which lead to nothing;' for two-thirds of the visitors to the Exhibition are to be met with—after they have gone all round the galleries—plaintively asking, 'Which is the way to the Exhibition?' Of course, that is their fault—but not entirely. These Exhibitions are meant to teach people, and to turn the public loose into corridors is about as wise as to set before them a case of rough diamonds from the Cape, and expect them to recognise those apparent chips of bottle-glass as genuine gems.

The Peel Collection at the National Gallery and the Royal Academy between them completely eclipse the South Kensington Show—not by any means deservedly; for the picture-galleries are not only the redeeming feature of the International, but are a genuine treat to lovers of art, for more reasons than the one primary one, that they give you

another look at old favourites in English and foreign exhibitions. It is very pleasant, too, to be able to say that, all things considered, the English pictures hold their own—a 'good second,' as the Derby reporters have it—as compared with the foreign galleries. At any rate, the English department shows no such 'brutal realism'—'Q' of the 'Athenæum,' ahem!—as 'the Arab Execution,' with its dissevered head, spouting neck, and trickling—or treacling—blood. Mr. Charles Reade, with the reticence which marks his writings, even for Puritanical publishers, might call a man who objects to this style of thing 'a hog,' in which case I would humbly suggest that his admirers should subscribe to present him with this picture as a pendant to a probable portrait of Mrs. Rousby as she looked when roasted for Joan of Arc.

To return (with pleasure) to our picture-galleries from South Kensington; I would recommend everyone to see the Peel Collection, during that brief Season when 'everyone' is in town. If everyone cannot do it then, everyone had better wait till everyone else has left town, and do it quietly then. The nation has made an unquestionable bargain in the purchase of a gallery, which contains a lot of pictures which, not being an art critic, I have neither impudence nor ignorance enough to attempt to criticise.

The Academy—despite the croakings of the art-Cummings, who said the International (which contains few new pictures) would drain the studios—is the best we have had since the R.A.'s came to Burlington House. It is sad to have to state in addition that there are fewer pictures by R.A.'s than usual! One solution of this peculiarity that I have heard is that the picture market has been dull of late, and that paintings by 'distinguished' artists have gone from the painter's easel direct to the purchaser's walls, without floating among dealers. If this be true, long may the picture market be dull, for art will benefit! At any rate the youngsters come to the surface this year, and to them chiefly is the success of the Exhibition due. The subjects are often old, but it is pleasant to have some novelty in the treatment. As betting seems to be an essential nowadays, and even the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race cannot be kept out of the odds in the sporting papers, I don't see why there should not be wagers laid as to the subject most often treated in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The betting would fill up the time between the Chester Cup and the Derby very agreeably; and that prophet would have made himself a name who had given this year

Mary Queen of Scots	1
Shakespeare colt	2
The Model (by The Hour 1s. 6d.)	3

We have had a surfeit of legal excitement of late. Of one case it is only necessary to say, that the necessity for its prosecution is only more regrettable than the mode in which it was conducted. The

Tichborne case, *adhuc sub judice*, must be touched upon tenderly as a butterfly not yet released from its chrysalis. It remains for an intelligent jury—which must be exceedingly intelligent, if we consider the time it took (with penalties) to get it together—to decide whether the claimant is the real Sir Roger or one of the cleverest impostors on record. That, among a nation of shopkeepers, and in an age of joint-stock speculations, there should be a ‘Co.’ to promote his claim, argues no more against him than for him. It is simply another development of the growing passion for betting. Another case, the Eltham murder, has occupied much of the public attention of late. Unluckily for journals which, after reading a special lecture to their contemporaries to be respectable, go in for reports *in extenso*, it has been a case every detail of which has been given; and up to the present writing no judicial conclusion has been arrived at. *Apropos* of the ‘expurgated’ reports of a highly-flavoured daily, and the strictures passed upon them by the ‘Saturday Review,’ I cannot help noticing the fact that History has repeated, or perhaps echoed, itself on the Pacific coast. A Mrs. Fair has been tried at San Francisco for shooting a Mrs. Crittenden, and the evidence has been of the kind which the ‘Daily Telegraph,’ speaking of a recent trial in London, described as ‘much better kept out of the columns of newspapers read by women and children.’ Certain Franciscan papers of the ‘goody’ class, which had denounced to death an improper rival, have—so a local paper says—bid against each other for the ‘goodwill’ of the extinct journal, by giving reports in full of the objectionable trial. It is almost heartbreaking to see how the youngest part even of young America will keep level with the old country! I must note by the way that the suppressed San Franciscan journal called itself ‘Mazeppa’—probably as a delicate compliment to the lady who was once wife of the local Benicia Boy.

Parliament during this month has distinguished itself by being extinguished by ‘Bung.’ The Government Licensing Bill expired quietly in its bed, rather than come, like Chatham, to die on the floor of the House. The Permissive Prohibitory Bill—as contradictory a title as one could wish even of the condensing phraseology of Bill-framers—was also snuffed-out; and the votes ran closer no doubt than was anticipated by those who, to please teetotal constituents, went into the lobby for what they conceived a hopeless measure. It is not improbable that many of the representatives who found themselves in that awkward predicament will be guaranteed against any similar risk after the next election. Next to the railway interest in the House comes the Licensed Victualling interest; and the former (apart from other solid reasons) will probably support the latter on the *proximus ardet* principle.

There can be little doubt, I think, that, thanks to a too generous readiness to back up his subordinates in little vagaries of their own, Mr. Gladstone is losing his hold upon the country. Masters of fence

do not laugh as the untrained vulgar do at Mr. Disraeli's feint in the form of a questioning of the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The leader of the Opposition is the *maître d'armes* of the House, and when he makes a thrust, though apparently it is dealt in vain, he feels his adversary's blade and wrist; and no Toledo blade ever fashioned was more delicate to wield than a House of Commons majority. An increased Income-tax of twopence in the pound, under such circumstances as it has been inflicted may take all the 'temper' out of the lower-middle class, which has hitherto been the backbone of the Liberal rapier.

It would be hardly fair to the dear creatures who wear 'Dark Blue' at the University boat-race to neglect to note a pretty fashion that is coming in—a return to the ways of our grandmothers—the wearing of 'chintz.' Suggestive of bed-curtains of course to begin with; but who does not recall the cool, pleasant bed-curtains of a country-house—infinitely prettier often than the morning gowns imposed by fashion on the nice girls he met at breakfast. By all means, say I, chintz gowns, with which should be incorporated the old 'sac' style of dress. And as I have objected to some utterances of Mr. Charles Reade's, let me here, on this subject of ladies' dresses, give in my entire concordance with his recently expressed opinion that it is simply wicked of women 'to fritter away the broad lustre of a superb silk dress by rows of gimp and fringe.' I perhaps ought to address this to the Allenbys, Gasks, Howells, and Jameses, from whom nowadays ladies purchase their dresses *en bloc*, so to speak, without the intervention of that mysterious milliner whose bill for 'buttons and lining, &c.' was a caution to caoutchouc! By the way, the fact that ladies go to these large houses in preference to the milliners gives the lie—and I'm glad of it—to a statement set afoot *àpropos* of the 'Saturday Review' article on 'Drawing-room Alcoholism,' that our wives' milliners were simply unlicensed victuallers. After all, it is satisfactory to learn that the threatened innovation of 'bangles,' to be worn round the ankles of *croqueuses*, is a freak of imagination on the part of a weekly gossipier, backed up by some idiotic verses by somebody else. If our girls must have more opportunities for the display of jewelry—too often false!—I would suggest a nose-ring, as not less absurd and much less abstruse.

These Red Revolutionists of Paris are dreadfully like the Cuttle Fish. They pull down the Vendôme column and hope to escape unobserved in the dust they raise. This act alone, without the confiscation of poor old Thiers's house, is enough to stamp them as creatures who, without the pluck of men, have the spite of women, and are consequently fitted to guard the political harem of a Liberty which has applied the bowstring to every honest paper in Paris. A precious set of lovers of Freedom these Commune gentlemen, so applauded by the London Republicans! They go in for freedom of the press, freedom of opinion!—only anybody who writes an adverse criticism

on the Commune is to be had up before a court-martial. As a writer, give me in preference a paternal despotism, which, while it may imprison me for writing against it, has at least the power of paying me when I write in its defence! The fact that several Parisian papers have opposed the Commune is explained when one knows there is plenty of money to pay them for so doing, and not a franc available to buy them off.

In the theatrical world there is not much to note, except the probability that about this time the non-paper houses are beginning to wish they had not been so 'confoundedly virtuous.' There is one advantage in the 'no paper' *régime* to the play-going world, which I think has been overlooked hitherto—that we shall get greater variety of pieces. It would be invidious to point out houses where a change of programme is imminent; and it is very pleasant to report that the Haymarket, where the 'no paper' puff has been quietly ignored, is full every night—with money—to see Mr. Sothern. If managers, instead of 'protesting too much' that they will not give orders, would break through the monopoly which cripples dramatic authorship, and produce good pieces—no matter whether the authors have brought out a play or no—they would have no reason to go out to the highways and hedges for an audience. The intelligence of theatrical authorities would seem to be on a par with their civility. I know an instance in which a not altogether unknown writer, submitting work to various managers and other stage folk, met in about nine cases out of ten with what he described as discourtesy, but what I set down to the minor sin of ignorance of civilized manners.

The Siamese Twins, who were by the way two amiable and agreeable fellows, enrolled by nature, and probably to their disgust, into a joint-stock company, without power to add to or decrease from their number, are being eclipsed just now by a feminine monstrosity in the shape of two women packed into one trunk. Barnum, of course, is the philanthropist to whom we are indebted for the public exhibition of a horror which should be examined by the anatomists alone. The poor duplex creature is called a 'two-headed nightingale,' and has been taught to sing in order to increase the sensation. It is to be regretted that such an exhibition is possible, and it almost makes one wish that the power of the Lord Chamberlain were increased rather than diminished. For surely after his restrictions on the dress of the ballet, he would not allow what is practically two ladies to appear with only one dress between them.

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT.

'ENGLAND and Oxford, Magdalen and May-day'—so sang Cleveland Coxe, poet, divine, and bishop on the other side of the Atlantic. The sequence of ideas is natural; it is indeed capable of being stated proportionally. As Oxford represents everything attractive to the poet's mind, so Magdalen seems to be the quintessence of Oxford, and never so truly so as on May morning. According to custom, hallowed by four centuries or so of pious observance, the choir mount to the top of the tower, where, having duly vested, they sing to an admiring audience above and below—no small moiety of whom belong to the fair sex—a Latin hymn, music by poor B. Rogers, that same genius, whom the college ejected from the office of music instructor because his daughter was a naughty girl; that same genius, too, who ended a glorious career in inglorious squalor. The music, plaintive to a fault, seems to one who knows the history of its composer to contain in its minor measure a sad satire. For the performance of this service the Rectory of Slymbridge, a village situate some seventy miles away on the banks of the Severn, has ever paid cheerfully a sum stated to be ten pounds annually; this goes to provide a frugal repast for the boys and men. Some twenty years ago the custom developed a corollary. The choristers used to take up a stock of rotten eggs wherewith to pelt the crowd below. This pastime was especially grateful to a humorous gray-headed chaplain—now, alas! no more—who doubtless ought to have been ashamed of himself, but was not, for he invested in some five score of these dainties for the boys' delectation, and personally directed the artillery. The college authorities 'collided' in consequence with the police, and the belligerent clergyman got a reprimand, which so disgusted him that he never again put in an appearance on the top of the tower on May morning.

Magdalen College suggests Magdalen bridge. This structure being extremely narrow is pictorially good, i.e. it doubles the height of the world-renowned tower to one entering the city from the east. The picturesque, however, is seldom comfortable, and the bridge being constructed for only two carriages to pass abreast, and the footway allowing of but one passenger at a time, locomotion is not merely

difficult, but at times is attended with shower-baths of real Oxford mud. On two days in the week the cattle nuisance becomes rampant, and the chances are considerably in favour of any lady not clad in decidedly sombre hues being gored by a bull. The only hope is that the wife of a mayor or a head of a house may be the first to meet such a fate, and then perhaps this disgusting 'fording of oxen' through our thoroughfares may be stopped. As regards the bridge, all danger from dirt and wild beasts could easily be obviated by throwing out an iron footway on either side, leaving the road clear for bisons and hansoms.

Bosporus as all the world knows is a city of water. A stranger was heard the other day to remark in the coffee room of 'The Randolph,' that he had discovered the Thames and the Cherwell, but that, after walking all over the city, and making every enquiry of the natives, he failed to find the Isis. He probably placed a blind confidence in the topographical intelligence of some Oxford guide. What a pity it is that the Education Department of the Privy Council do not institute a competitive examination in archæology for the office of guide to 'Colleges and 'Alls.' Assuredly the reputation of those institutions would suffer in one respect, for the present occupants of the office of guide multiply the revenues of colleges without the smallest dread of contradiction. 'Look at them windows,' ejaculated one of the fraternity to a party of visitors, as he pointed with his stick to the new buildings of Magdalen. 'Well, each on 'em contains a feller. And now look at t' other windows,' pointing to the cloisters. 'Each 'on 'em contains a demy. They calls 'em demies, because they takes 'alf as much as a feller does to keep. And when I tells you that it takes five 'underd a year to keep a demy, you may guess how much a feller costs.' The man evidently regarded the members of this foundation as so many voracious animals, whose capacity for deglutition far exceeded that of other mortals. Perhaps after all his reasoning deserves to be considered as philosophy—peripatetic if you will.

Men talk here of a new University Commission. The last turned out a magnificent speculation for its promoters. Some got mitres, some deaneries; all were regaled with plums of size and sweetness. They contrived to reform nothing. Abuses were whitewashed, and indeed sanctified and legalised. There was a superabundance of tall talk written in a blue book. Then a little mischief-making and petty spite. Wherever there was found to exist a sentimental love of founder, or statutes, or integrity of foundation, it was rudely crushed. The author of 'Phrontisterion' bravely exposed the motives of certain amateur destructives. He stood up to defend the most beautiful organisations that this country has known. His satire did but increase the vindictive greed of those whom it attacked. Measures were passed, which to a reformer must have appeared beneath contempt, to a conservative as wanton sacrilege. One college, indeed,

threatened to take the bones of their founder, and the stones of his college, and to re-establish his foundation in Austria, or some other free country, where they had not yet learned the morality of spoliation. However, no better condemnation need be uttered of the last Commission than can be found in the fact that another Commission is needed to undo the errors of the first. In short, 'the Ordinances of 1858' have been on trial but thirteen years and are found to be impracticable. What next?

We are fortunate in our fine art professor. It is not often that a gentleman commoner sheds such brilliant lustre on the place of his education. The velvet cap has more frequently covered brainless than talented heads. It symbolised pecuniosity, it inculcated, also, the virtue of generosity, for the gentleman commoner of the good old times was invariably a man given to hospitality. He was expected to entertain freely at the 'Mitre,' nor as a rule did he ignore the gastro-nomic claims of society. At his table men did something more than feed—they dined; much more, too, than swallow—they drank. His cigars were simply magnificent, and he paid double for everything. However, to revert to Mr. Ruskin. He has lately purchased a very exquisite *morceau* of Meissonnier, which is by his kind permission on view at the Taylor Institution. This work of art cost about a hundred pounds per inch—and it is worth it. We quite hope and pray that the great Mécenas of art may do something for our picture-less, poverty-stricken University galleries. In these days of travel, when most men know Munich and Dresden by heart, to say nothing of Florence, a gallery like that in St. Giles seems a bitter jest on Oxford and Oxonians. They manage these things better on the other side of the water.

In the full verdure of spring both University towns shine gloriously. It is indeed difficult to assign the palm to either. A May term in Cambridge, with its graceful sprinkling of ladies' toilettes in the college gardens, its mad gallop down to Grassy, and its picturesque show of the boats is too perfect. The backs of the colleges are kept most exquisitely, and there is a bright look about the place, which contrasts with the sombre magnificence of our own *alma mater*. It must ever happen that Oxford wears a more grandiose garb. Perhaps, however, we do not all we can to compete with our rival in respect of grace. Certainly more could have been effected by care, and much remains undone. To give an instance of the way in which appearance is neglected. Everyone knows of the green beauties of the pollard willows, which line the banks of the Cherwell. These trees require shaving—i.e. complete deprivation of all branches—about once in four years. After shaving they look the most gaunt and horrific objects conceivable. This year it has pleased authority to shave these miserable trees, and the result is that our beautiful Cherwell is simply hideous, and will be so till next spring. Now, if shaving is essential, why not

shave every fourth tree each year? Thereby you would not disfigure your avenue, for the heavy branches on either side would hide the ugly gap. Then, again, how very chary colleges seem to be of planting. There are not half sufficient young trees in St. Giles's, those grouped in front of the church being abominably sparse and ragged. The University has plucked up courage to plant a few young saplings in the 'so-called' parks. As for the roads round Oxford, they are singularly shadeless, nor indeed is Christ Church meadow adequately planted. Gaps there are everywhere, neither filled up, nor displaying signs of rising vegetation. As the citizens seem to have finally determined that their glorious property, 'The Port-meadow,' shall not be converted into a water-park, although it has space and capabilities in their way simply unique, it would not be a bad idea to form a public park ranging from the Iffley to the Abingdon Road, and spanning Isis with ornamental bridges. 'There is no money' is the objection raised to every scheme. The reply is that there might be. Look at Birkenhead Park, a glorious work of art positively in existence before Birkenhead was five years old. Is ancient Oxford so far behind the young giant of the north?

Some of our resident musicians are endeavouring to induce students in their art to utilise Oxford as a place of study. It would indeed be a glorious advantage for England, if a *bonâ fide conservatoire* of music on the Leipsic principle could be established and worked efficiently in this place, which already contains so many musical foundations, in most of which, however, at present music is made the second consideration. It is too good to be hoped for; for, alas! Oxford is not Leipsic, the atmosphere is not so pure, nor is there here, or anywhere on this side the Channel, the German adoration of art, nor will English students work for work's sake. Besides all which, we have no Felix Mendelssohn.

PICTURA PICTURAE.¹

'PICTURA PICTURAE' is a poem about a painting. For a painting is silent poetry and a poem is spoken painting, according to a commonplace which is as old as Simonides. The power of the author in dramatic narration is already known to the readers of this magazine. From his poem they will gain a high idea of his vigour in sustaining thought and compressing it in words. There is no weariness in this book; the lines have no weak endings, the sentiments no linkèd prosiness long drawn out. The faults which we shall venture to characterise as such are at least not caused by lack of strenuousness. On matters of taste we often differ from Mr. Compton Reade. But we feel throughout that we have to deal with a strong man doing his best in a certain way. The scene of the book is laid under the shadow of a great cathedral, and there is the earnestness of a cathedral mason in the spirit with which Mr. Reade has hewn out his work. 'The poem aims to be a dramatic rendering of a mediaeval allegory,' and as the book is but a month old, and few will have heard the legend of Capuchin monks on which it is based, we will try to reproduce the story that Mr. Reade has adopted or adapted.

To follow the author it is necessary to throw oneself with him into 'the phase of faith almost universal to Europe before the Reformation.'

There was a fair city in Italy which now is a lair for wolves. Painters dwelt there and holy men, and chief among these latter was Evagrius. He knew nor sleep by night nor food by day, but on a time he fell into a trance before the crucifix; and saw in that swoon the Passion of the Saviour. When Easter dawned he spread his arms abroad from the cathedral pulpit and told his vision to prince and people. And the vision haunted the prince

as lights a northern traveller
Which glare beyond dark hills on dreamy nights.

It happened that an altar-piece was wanting to the Cathedral, and

¹ *Pictura Picturae*. By COMPTON READE. Oxford and London: Shrimpton and Whitaker, 1871.

'a prince's thoughts are deeds.' He offered royal guerdon to that artist whose altar-piece should match the Christ of Evagrius's vision. Thus ends the book which is called *Via Crucis*.

There dwelt also in that city a young painter, Felix to name, who loved Verena, only daughter of Verene his master, and was already betrothed to her. The opal white and the shell-pink of her cheeks alone found a place on his canvas, till his master bade him seek for other models. He sought, indeed, and found Delia—

A dark antipathy, a thing of peach,
Carmine, and ebony, with wealth of form
Midsummerly in lazy grace and warmth.

Thus his became a dual mind hovering betwixt dark and fair, storm and calm. By night the dark woman led him to the gaming-table, by day Verena met him in the church. So when he essayed to limn the Christ, he drew a mere earthly sufferer,

Whereon Verene reflective flung a glance,
Which, as midday above thick forest oaks,
Peered through close leafage down to gnarled roots.
'Work is as heart is' was his saw.

Nevertheless the heart of Felix returned for a time to Verena, and she bade him to her birthday-feast when priest and notary should seal the contract of their union. Joyfully he arose in the morning and stumbled on one waiting in his gate who said, 'Delia lies dying, see her once.' There was time before the feast, and he strode on to take a last farewell of the woman who was perishing for love of him. He pledged her, as she prayed him, in the last cup which she could see him drink, and then fell stupefied by the potency of the opiate. Up sprang Delia, and the adulteress held in her hand the present he had prepared for his bride. Thus ends the *Via Mundi*.

In the *Via Mala* Felix games, and loses, on what should have been his marriage eve; invokes the evil one and wins; deserts him again, and loses both money and Delia.

There is in the *Via Exspes* a scene conceived in the true spirit of the Middle Ages, drawn with the utmost vividness and dramatic force. Through his long marriage-night there strive together over Felix the powers of hell and the powers of heaven. He has sold himself for fame to the Devil, but the price is not paid till by infernal help he have painted in that night the Crucifixion for the altar-piece. Verena prays while Raphael the bell tolls every hour of night, in the cathedral hard by, and suddenly before the dawning Felix joins with her in

Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem.

The spell is broken. The feet are yet but in outline, the picture is incomplete. That is hidden away in the monastery, but meantime Verena has been taken up for dead.

It is best to read in the poem itself how amid the scorn of men and the loud reproach of women Felix knelt in an agony of hope beside his love whom all thought dead, until

Opened the azure of Verena's eye,
As to a traveller an unknown sea.

Then said the monk Evagrius :

This history is as a parable,
Who runs may read its meaning. Ever hope,
For God is kinder than a mother kind,
More loving than a lover, and on love,
His highest essence, sets such store supreme,
As to accord the prayer of love for love.

Thus the story ends in the *Via Pacis*.

Judged by its *tout ensemble* the poem has the happiest effect. Among isolated beauties we must not pass over the episode of the rose, which ends thus charmingly :

He faltered low, 'A rose ought not make sad !'
Whereto she answered, as a summer's sky
Cloudless, that drops an unexpected rain,
Her soft eyes tearful in soft radiance :
'Sadness inheres in flowers, as in maids ;
Both are so fragile, both die easily
For lack of sun. But now I bask in sun,
And wish my sun may set not evermore !'

We have some faults to find in detail. The revived mediaevalism, of to-day has one deplorable effect. The Middle Ages are studied through their own bad Latin, and hence a tide of Greek and Latin words seems, from the works of many writers, to be about to sweep over and fill with brine the pure well of English undefiled which was enough for the poets of the last generation. Mr. Reade says 'gelid frost,' 'disrupted soul from earth,' 'airs suspiring soft,' 'chrome,' 'emulcient of a nameless dread,' 'aqueous,' 'squameous,' 'tern,' 'come volving in,' 'tris-archangelic,' 'magnifical,' and uses so many other words of the kind that it is evident he thinks them beautiful. We do not. As instances, too, of harshness we may quote 'viaducts are eyes to brains,' 'each trice was priceless time,' 'then the dark eyes flashed light, the which lied cheeks.' Often the meaning is not readily intelligible, as in 'fluid from a vengeful sky,' which strikes one at first as rain, though it is meant to be lightning. We, further, object to the immoderate use of that antithetical repetition which first appears in the title of the work. There are ingenious examples of it in :

Felix, a painter, loved and did not love,
He did not love, and loved, or one, or one,
and—
as tiny things
Hum tiny songs in tiny unison,

which, standing alone, might be pleasing, though the third 'tiny' is rather too much. But the poem is full of 'red-ruby rubyness,' 'a careless care,' 'played hard to win, won hard to lose,' and such-like clever sayings put in for their own sake.

It is a pity that Mr. Reade often deserts his blank-verse narrative, where he is at home and master in his own house, for lyrics. His songs are seldom good. Perhaps the least valuable is that in the *Via Mala*, which unfortunately reminds the reader of an exquisite song in Mr. Tennyson's 'Enid :'

Chance, for the world is chance, give chance to sing
The see-saw of loud tones, or whispering :
To-day it's up, to-morrow *down again*.

This unfortunate verse of the shop-window order is redeemed, up to a certain point, by the next, which it is only just to quote :

Chance, for our morn is burnished as of gold :
Dull falls our noon ; our eve bites bitter cold :
And night rolls clouds of over-flooding rain.

Lastly, it must be said that the metaphors drawn from music, which are frequent throughout the book, are sometimes unhappily dragged in, as in these obscure words :

an antiphon
Her breast to whose sharp minor ;

though the technicality is prettier in the still more obscure lines :

But memory this vivid vision graved
On every present ; as on gaudy days
A canto-fermo amid madrigals
Of jocund jollity.

We wait with much interest for another volume of Mr. Reade's poetry. If he honour us by giving weight to some of the opinions here expressed, it is certain that he can produce a poem such as not only to win praise from a few sympathetic persons whose studies have been like his own, but to gain that unquestioned suffrage of popular fame to which, he himself admits, all artists must ultimately appeal.

ISRAEL DAVIS.

LILJA (THE LILY).¹

LILJA (The Lily) is a fourteenth-century Icelandic poem in praise of the Virgin Mary. It was composed at a time when the specifically Northern forms of religious thought embodied in Eddaic literature had been driven into the background of the popular imagination, now completely filled by the image of the Virgin. She, the ideal of maid and motherhood in one, shone like a mild moon over the turbulent Middle Ages. Hymns in celebration of her resounded from every part of Christian Europe. Iceland, once foremost in heroic song, did not lag behind other nations in this new unfolding of poetic thought. It produced countless singers, who, in verse more or less good, tried to embody the ruling sentiment of their time. The one Icelandic poem, however, of enduring value on this subject was produced by Eysteinn Asgrimsson, his poem, as the editor says, being on the whole the greatest saint-lay of Iceland from the pre-Reformation time; and not of Iceland alone, but of the whole of Scandinavia, according to the testimony of all scholars and historians who have touched upon the subject.

Eysteinn Asgrimsson, whose life, never written before, has now for the first time been carefully put together, as far as the fragmentary character of the materials would allow, was an Icelandic by birth and an Augustinian friar by profession. Peaceful and devotional as his habits would thus *à priori* be supposed to have been, the reality shows us a picture of a far different tone. We get glimpses of a haughty, irascible, ambitious nature, engaged in endless broils, immured in prison at one time, at another consorting with the highest dignitaries of the Church. The first fact recorded of him is that of his being involved in an assault upon the abbot of his own monastery, in consequence of which he was arraigned before an ecclesiastical tribunal and subsequently thrown into prison. At a later period, however, we find him in high favour with Bishop Gyrd, who, being a Norwegian by birth, doubtless profited greatly by Eysteinn's intimate acquaintance with the character of his own people. Thus alternating between good fortune and sharp

¹ By EYSTEIN ASGRIMSSON. Edited, with a metrical translation, notes, and glossary, by EIRIKR MAGNUSSON. Williams and Norgate.

vicissitudes, the poet's life came to an abrupt end. In 1360 he left Iceland for Norway, at the same time as Bishop Gyrd, but not in the same vessel. He encountered terrible storms, and, after tossing about the Atlantic, was at last in mid-winter washed ashore on the rough Helgoland coast in Norway. The hardships he had had to undergo during this stormy passage served to abridge his life, and he died towards the tide of *Passio Domini* 1361 at the house of Elgisetr.

An Icelandic legend concerning the poet must not be omitted here, as it shows in what high esteem 'Lilja' must have been held :

'Brother Eystein so roused Bishop Gyrd's wrath by puns and pert rhymes, that the latter had him taken prisoner and thrown into a dark pit underground, a hundred feet deep. In this plight Eystein began to compose "Lilja." When he had finished twenty-two stanzas of the song he discovered in good sooth that he was gradually being lifted up from his dungeon. And great was his astonishment when he found by some means or other that he was really twenty-two feet above the floor of his prison: the reason of this could be none other than a latent power in his song. An overwhelming sense of joy pervaded the aggrieved penitent, and in his inspiration—but, alas! mixed with unseemly pride—he broke out into the too selfish twenty-third stanza :

' All fiery grows my tongue, my word
In graceful strain extols the Lord;
Of His most wondrous works I sing
Who doth embrace world's threefold ring!

Scarcely had the last word died away on his lips when down tumbled the bard, all the twenty-two steps he had already risen, and lay prostrate on the floor of his dark pit. On recovering from the shock he thought the lesson had been taught him well enough that "pride goes before a fall," and in the humblest of moods he now concluded the stanza :

' All bent I were 'neath ban and woe
And bonds of that infernal foe,
Had not my God's salvation free
Been sent on earth to ransom me.

'The sincere humility of this semi-strophe sufficed to send the afflicted sinner all the twenty-three steps up again, and henceforth his upward progress continued unbroken, one step for every finished stanza, until he had sung himself fairly out of prison.

'Another legend knows that he not only got out of prison by the poem "Lily," but that he even sang Bishop Gyrd "stone-dead." He never made any hurtful use, however, of the magic power of his song but on the direst provocation and in defence of self, and slew none by it but one ponderous prelate.'

By far the most important section of the Introduction, however, is the clear and able exposition of the metrical structure of Icelandic

poetry, by which the prosodical laws of that language are now for the first time explained in English.

Mr. Magnusson, in examining the general law of the metre of 'Lilja,' takes occasion to enter on a full and highly instructive account of the principles of alliteration and assonance.

Alliteration consists in the undeviating regularity with which two lines of a couplet must be bound together, as it were, with letters more or less identical. Thus when the first line of a couplet begins with a vowel sound, that sound must not only be repeated again in the middle of the same but also at the opening of the next line, as thus :

*Almáttigr Guð allrar stöttar
Yfir-þjóðandinn engla ok þjóða.*

These letters are called *stuðlar* in Icelandic prosody, i.e. props, stayers, or pillars, as they actually sustain the metre by their inflexible rigidity of form.

In assonance, on the other hand, we see, to use Mr. Magnusson's words, 'two syllables in each line, at measured intervals, which, phonetically speaking, stand, in the first line, in a non-unisonous, in the second, in a fully unisonous *rappor*t to one another. These syllables are called *hendingar*, which, for want of a better word—as *catch* or *catches* would be deemed too daring, I fear—I am obliged to call *rhyme syllables*.' To make this clear by an example let us again take the two lines quoted above in their quality of assonance not of alliteration:

*Almáttigr Guð allra stötta
Yfir-þjóðandinn engla ok þjóða.*

It is not possible here to enter into the finer shades of sound which govern this metrical law; but we would especially call the attention of the reader to Mr. Magnusson's original and truly ingenious etymological explanation of the technical terms of Scandinavian prosody.

Stuðlar, the alliterative mainstay of all Northern poetry, was a name given to farmsteads in close vicinity to rocks, *stuðull* meaning originally a *pillar-stone*, *basaltic pillar*, a formation of frequent occurrence in the North. What more natural indeed than that the awakening imagination of a people powerfully impressed by the most striking features of surrounding nature should transfer these (with a bodily precision, as it were, unknown and unattainable by minds more removed from direct physical phenomena) into its gradually expanding thought, thought which with primitive nations manifests itself ever in a rhythmical form? We think it a thoroughly sound suggestion on the editor's part, therefore, to connect the 'rock-fast form of Northern song' with the rocky fortresses of the Northland.

In the *hending*, on the other hand, which belongs to the law of assonance, we have a word fundamentally connected with *action*. We learn that it is etymologically derived from *henda*, a weak transitive verb meaning *to throw (to hand)* and to catch that which is thrown.

Mr. Magnusson's explanation strikes us again as highly suggestive and appropriate. We must be allowed to make use of his own vivid words again when he says, 'It is therefore by no means unlikely that the spear, hurled from the hand and flying in a curved line through the air, hitting, or being caught by the object aimed at, was found to bear such a striking resemblance to the sound of the frumhending, issued and travelling over the measured space of intervening syllables, and dashing against the consonantal wall, which as it were stopped it in its flight and prevented its travelling farther, as to render natural and irresistible the transfer of the term of the real action over unto the supposed phonetic one. The action of throwing the spear, as well as that of catching it, is undoubtedly hending (*henda spjót á lofti*, *to catch a spear in the air*, is a standing military phrase of old), and the resemblance between these two parallels seems to me to stand to reason, at all events; although I do not presume at all to arrogate any infallibility for my view.'

Before speaking of the merits of the translation itself it may be well to point out that the editor has first shown that Eystein drew the materials of his poem from Anglo-Saxon sources, i.e. Bede principally, as well as from Honorius Augustodunensis, whereas formerly the poem was considered purely original.

We now come to the poem itself, of which the Icelandic text, set side by side with the English, is the first printed from MS. sources in England. The text has also been critically restored in many places, in fact, throughout, and a great many of the former perverted readings rendered rational.

The poem itself ranges over the Fall of man, the Annunciation, Crucifixion, and the triumph of the Church in heaven. Though shapen according to the strictest rules of Icelandic prosody, it is on the whole remarkably devoid of all true poetical inspiration, so that it would appear that the heathen gods had avenged the oblivion to which they had been condemned by abstracting those dwarf-guarded vats, where, according to the mythic traditions of the people, that mixture of blood and honey was preserved, of which whosoever drank became a poet. Blood and honey, however, do not flow in the veins of the 'Lily.' On one or two occasions it rises nevertheless to a certain pitch of exaltation. This is more especially the case with verses 93 and 94, where an unusual vigour and poetic pulsation is obtained. They are directly imitated from Psalm cxlviii., and we regret that the editor, who has annotated verse by verse of the poem with a care and industry that it is impossible to over-estimate, should have omitted to point it out. The verses run as follows:

Let change e'en into tongues alone
Of every man his flesh and bone,
And winds and lightnings, green-clad land,
And fragrant herbs, and dust and sand,

And hail, and feathered fowl, and snow,
 And fish, and hills, and marshes low,
 And hair, and twinkling stars, and grain,
 And scaled things, wool, and sparks, and rain,

And woods, and stones, and cities fair,
 And angels, heavenly chords and air,
 And worm-hosts, fields with harvest white,
 And palm-woods tall, and metals bright:
 Though not one while their peace they held,
 Yet must they wane away to eld,
 But e'er they fittingly had said
 Thy honour's praises, Mary Maid.

We have quoted these verses partly as containing the finest lines in the poem, but more especially as a sample of Mr. Magnusson's translation. This is throughout most excellent. His command of the English language, the purity, precision, and elegance of his diction are indeed astonishing as the work of a foreigner, being in this respect, we believe, perfectly unique. Mr. Magnusson throughout the 'Lilja' uses Saxon in preference to Latin words, but this is not only in sound keeping with the Northern original he has to deal with, but is a partiality which he shares with such men as Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Morris.

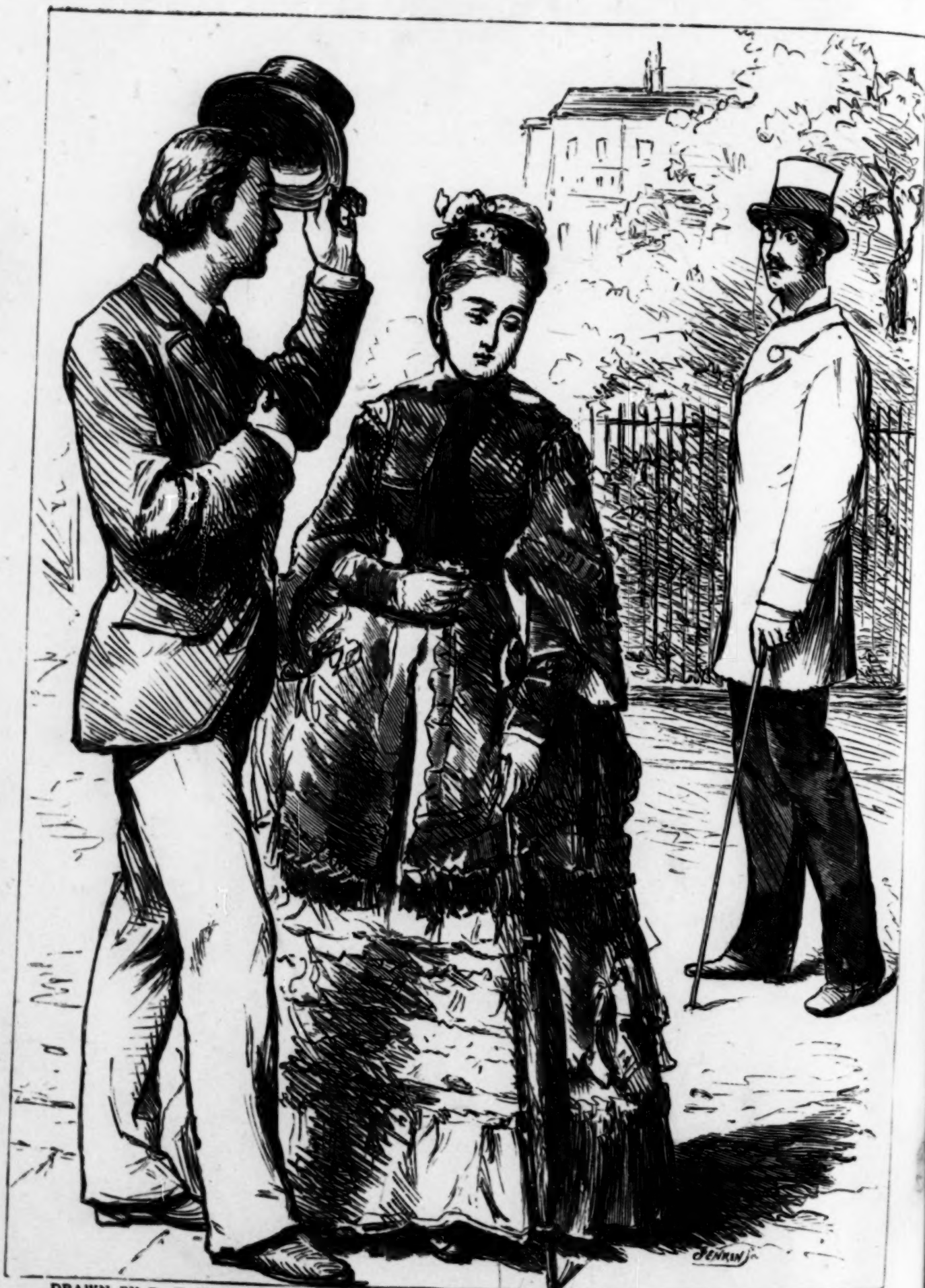
On the whole this edition of 'Lilja' may be said to be perfect, i.e. it is fitted out on every side with equal care and nicety. Life, text, metrical construction, translation, and glossary are all handled in that same spirit of precision which, while omitting nothing which is necessary to a scholarly treatment of the subject, strives with equal success to bring the matter into as condensed a form as possible.

To conclude: we would here express the hope that Mr. Magnusson may bring his rare editorial powers to bear on a work of more intrinsic and general interest, and make the English public more fully acquainted with those treasures of folk-lore with which Scandinavian and Icelandic literature are enriched.

MATHILDA BLIND.

[The EDITOR greatly regrets that want of space has compelled him to hold over till July, Articles by F. G. ARMSTRONG, ALGERNON SWINBURNE, KARL BLIND, SIDNEY COLVIN, JOHN O'CONNOR, DR. LEARY, J. STANTON AUSTIN, and GILBERT VENABLES.]





DRAWN BY D. T. WHITE.

ENGRAVED BY C. JENKINS.

'LOST.'